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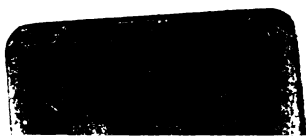


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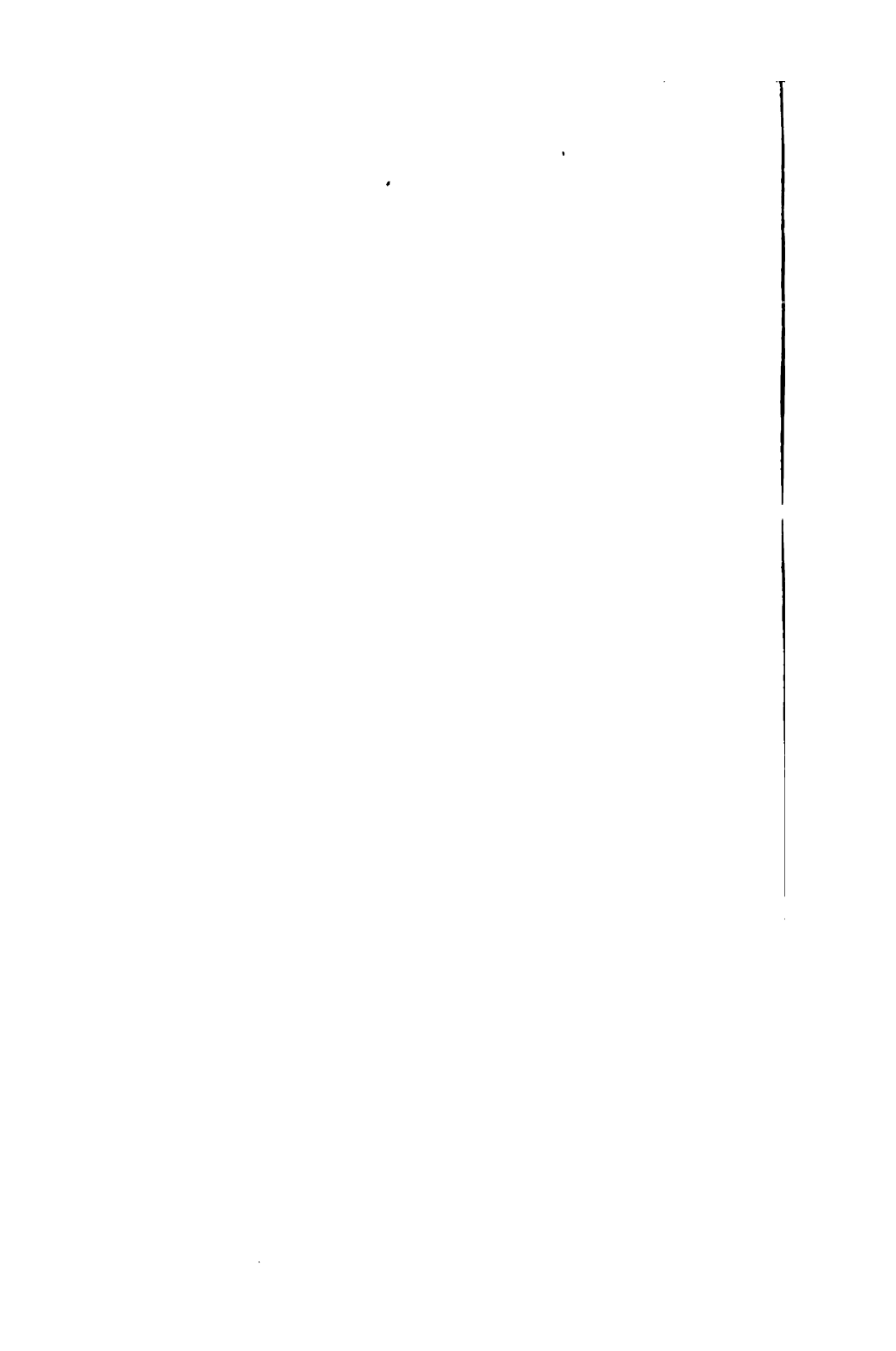
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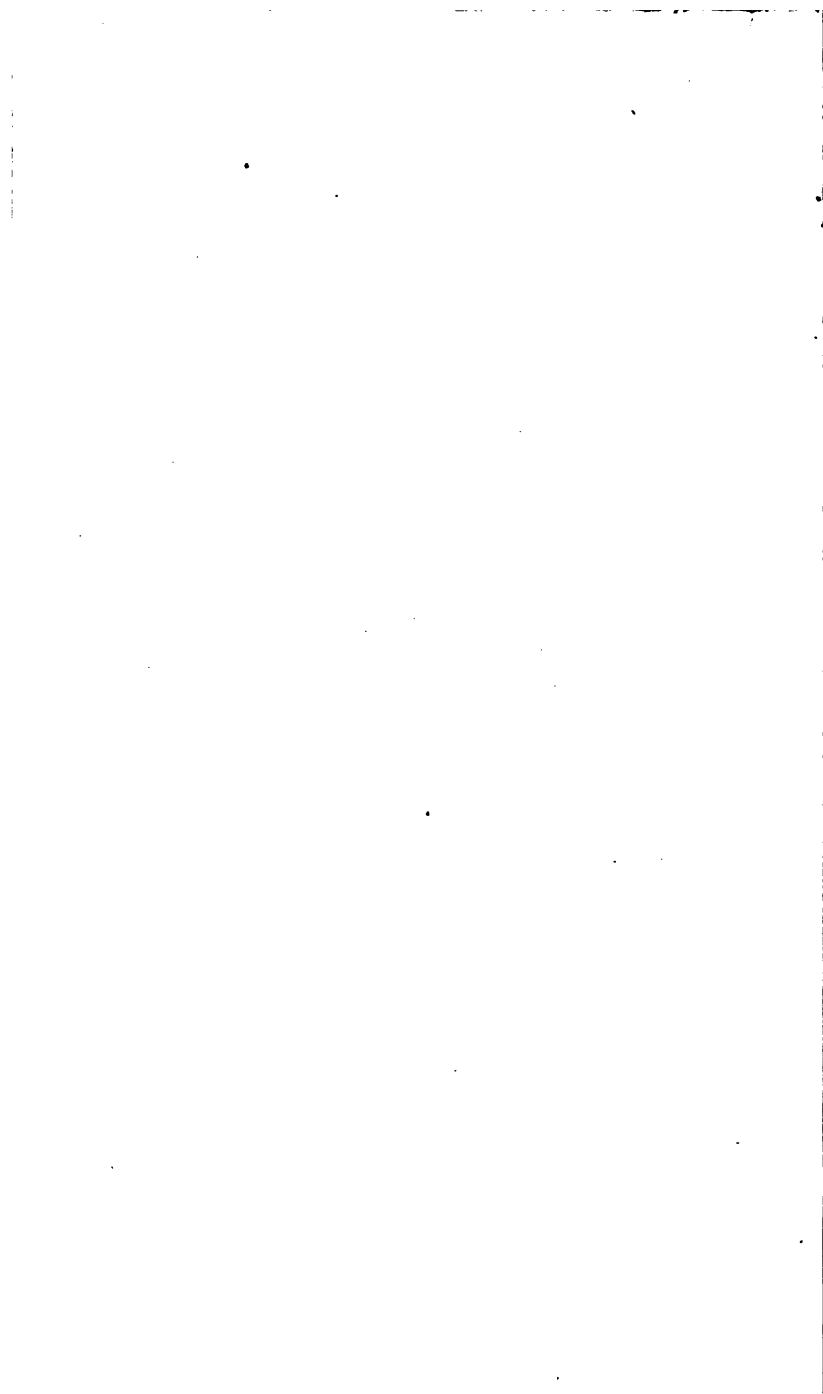
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FUCK.



E. H. Furness
—
Mansfield



THE MUMMY!

A TALE

OF THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY.

“Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?”
1 Sam. xxviii. 15.

[JANE WEBB LONDON (1807-
1858)]

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1828.

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE long wished to write a novel, but I could not determine what it was to be about. I could not bear any thing common-place, and I did not know what to do for a hero. Heroes are generally so much alike, so monotonous, so dreadfully insipid—so completely brothers of one race, with the family likeness so amazingly strong—“ This will not do for me,” thought I as I sauntered listlessly down a shady lane, one fine evening in June; “ I must have something new, something quite out of the beaten path:—but what?—ay, that was the question. In vain did I rack my brains—in vain did I search the

storehouse of my memory : I could think of nothing that had not been thought of before.

“ It is very strange ! ” said I, as I walked faster, as though I hoped the rapidity of my motion would shake off the sluggishness of my imagination. It was all in vain ! I struck my forehead and called Wit to my assistance, but the malignant deity was deaf to my entreaty. “ Surely,” thought I, “ the deep mine of invention cannot be worked out ; there must be some new ideas left, if I could but find them.” To find them, however, was the difficulty.

Thus lost in meditation, I walked onwards till I reached the brow of a hill, and a superb prospect burst upon me. A fertile valley richly wooded, studded with sumptuous villas and romantic cottages, and watered by a noble river, that wound slowly its lazy course along, spread beneath my feet ; and lofty hills swelling to the skies, their summit lost in clouds, bounded the horizon. The sun was setting in all its splendour, and its lingering rays gave those glowing tints and deep masses of shadow to the landscape that sometimes pro-

duce so magical an effect. It was quite a Claude Lorraine scene; and more fully to enjoy it, I entered a hay-field, and seated myself upon a grassy bank. The day had been sultry; and the evening breeze, as it murmured through the foliage, felt cool and refreshing. "It is a lovely world," thought I, "notwithstanding all that cynics can say against it. Our own passions bring misery upon our heads, and then we rail at the world, though we only are in fault. Why should I seek to wander in the regions of fiction? Why not enjoy tranquilly the blessings Heaven has bestowed upon me?"

I felt too indolent to answer my own question; a delicious stillness crept over my senses, and the heaving chaos of my ideas was lulled to repose. A majestic oak stretched its gnarled arms in sullen dignity above my head; myriads of busy insects buzzed around me; and woodbines and wild roses, hanging from every hedge, mingled their perfume with that of the new-mown hay. I reclined languidly on my grassy couch, listening to the indistinct hum of the distant village, and feeling that de-

lightful sense of exemption from care, which a faint murmur of bustle afar off gives to the weary spirit, when suddenly the bells struck up a joyous peal—the cheerful notes now swelling loudly upon the ear, then sinking gently away with the retiring breeze, and then again returning with added sweetness. I listened with delight to their melody, till their softness seemed to increase; the sounds became gradually fainter and fainter; the landscape faded from my sight: a soft langour crept over me: in short, I slept.

It would be of no use to go to sleep without dreaming; and, accordingly, I had scarcely closed my eyes when, methought, a spirit stood before me. His head was crowned with flowers; his azure wings fluttered in the breeze, and a light drapery, like the fleecy vapour that hangs upon the summit of a mountain, floated round him. In his hand he held a scroll, and his voice sounded soft and sweet as the liquid melody of the nightingale.

“Take this,” said he, smiling benignantly; “it is the Chronicle of a future age. Weave

it into a story. It will so far gratify your wishes, as to give you a hero totally different from any hero that ever appeared before. You hesitate," continued he, again smiling, and regarding me earnestly : " I read your thoughts, and see you fear to sketch the scenes of which you are to write, because you imagine they must be different from those with which you are acquainted. This is a natural distrust : the scenes will indeed be different from those you now behold ; the whole face of society will be changed : new governments will have arisen ; strange discoveries will be made, and stranger modes of life adopted. The restless curiosity and research of man will then have enabled him to lift the veil from much which is (to him at least) at present a mystery ; and his powers (both as regards mechanical agency and intellectual knowledge) will be greatly enlarged. But even then, in the plenitude of his acquirements, he will be made conscious of the infirmity of his nature, and will be guilty of many absurdities which, in his less *enlightened* state, he would feel ashamed to commit.

“ To no one but yourself has this vision been revealed : do not fear to behold it. Though strange, it may be fully understood, for much will still remain to connect that future age with the present. The impulses and feelings of human creatures must, for the most part, be alike in all ages : habits vary, but nature endures ; and the same passions were delineated, the same weaknesses ridiculed, by Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terence, as in after-times were described by Shakspeare and Moliere ; and as will be in the times of which you are to write,— by authors yet unknown.

“ But you still hesitate ; you object that the novelty of the illusions perplexes you. This is quite a new kind of delicacy ; as authors seldom trouble themselves to become acquainted with a subject before they begin to write upon it. However, since you are so very scrupulous, I will endeavour, if possible, to assist you. Look around.”

I did so ; and saw, as in a magic glass, the scenes and characters, which I shall now endeavour to pass before the eyes of the reader.

THE MUMMY.

CHAPTER I.

IN the year 2126, England enjoyed peace and tranquillity under the absolute dominion of a female sovereign. Numerous changes had taken place for some centuries in the political state of the country, and several forms of government had been successively adopted and destroyed, till, as is generally the case after violent revolutions, they all settled down into an absolute monarchy. The religion of the country was mutable as its government; and in the end, by adopting Catholicism, it seemed

to have arrived at nearly the same result : despotism in the state, indeed, naturally produces despotism in religion ; the implicit faith and passive obedience required in the one case, being the best of all possible preparatives for the absolute submission of both mind and body necessary in the other.

In former times, England had been blessed with a mixed government and a tolerant religion, under which the people had enjoyed as much freedom, as they perhaps ever can do, consistently with their prosperity and happiness. But it is not in the nature of the human mind, to be contented : we must always either hope or fear ; and things at a distance appear so much more beautiful than they do when we approach them, that we always fancy what we have not, infinitely superior to any thing we have ; and neglect enjoyments within our reach, to pursue others, which, like *ignes fatui*, elude our grasp at the very moment when we hope we have attained them.

Thus it was with the people of England :—
Not satisfied with being rich and prosperous,

they longed for something more. Abundance of wealth caused wild schemes and gigantic speculations; and though many failed, yet, as some succeeded, the enormity of the sums gained by the projectors, incited others to pursue the same career. New countries were discovered and civilized; the whole earth was brought to the highest pitch of cultivation; every corner of it was explored; mountains were levelled, mines were excavated, and the globe racked to its centre. Nay, the air and sea did not escape, and all nature was compelled to submit to the overwhelming supremacy of Man.

Still, the English people were not satisfied:—enabled to gratify every wish till satiety succeeded indulgence, they were still unhappy; perhaps, precisely because they had no longer any difficulties to encounter. Education became universal, and the technical terms of abstruse sciences familiar to the lowest mechanics; whilst questions of religion, politics, and metaphysics, agitated by them daily, supplied that stimulus, for which their minds, enervated by

over cultivation, constantly craved. The consequences may be readily conceived. It was impossible for those to study deeply who had to labour for their daily bread; and not having time to make themselves masters of any given subject, they only learned enough of all to render them disputatious and discontented. Their heads were filled with words to which they affixed no definite ideas, and the little sense Heaven had blessed them with was lost beneath a mass of undigested and misapplied knowledge.

Conceit inevitably leads to rebellion. The natural consequence of the mob thinking themselves as wise as their rulers, was, that they took the first convenient opportunity that offered, to jostle these aforesaid rulers from their seats. An aristocracy was established, and afterwards a democracy; but both shared the same fate; for the leaders of each, in turn, found the instruments they had made use of to rise, soon become unmanageable. The people had tasted the sweets of power, they had learned their own strength, they were enlightened; and,

fancying they understood the art of ruling as well as their quondam directors, they saw no reason why, after shaking off the control of one master, they should afterwards submit to the domination of many. "We are free," said they; "we acknowledge no laws but those of nature; and of those we are as competent to judge as our would-be masters. In what are they superior to ourselves? Nature has been as bountiful to us as to them, and we have had the same advantages of education. Why then should we toil to give them ease? We are each capable of governing ourselves. Why should we pay them to rule us? Why should we be debarred from mental enjoyments and condemned to manual labour? Are not our tastes as refined as theirs, and our minds as highly cultivated? We will assert our independence, and throw off the yoke. If any man wish for luxuries, let him labour to procure them for himself. We will be slaves no longer; we will all be masters."

Thus they reasoned, and thus they acted, till government after government having been

overturned, complete anarchy prevailed; and the people began to discover, though, alas! too late, that there was little pleasure in being masters when there were no subjects; and that it was impossible to enjoy intellectual pleasures, whilst each man was compelled to labour for his daily bread. This was, however, inevitable, for, as perfect equality had been declared, of course no one would condescend to work for his neighbour; and every thing was done badly; as, however skilful any man may be in any particular art or profession, it is quite impossible he can excel in all.

In the meantime, the people, who had, though they scarcely knew why, attached to the idea of equality that of exemption from toil, found to their infinite surprise, that their burthens had increased tenfold, whilst their comforts had unaccountably diminished in the same proportion. The blessings of civilization were indeed fast slipping away from them. Every man became afraid lest the hard-earned means of existence should be torn from his grasp; for, as all laws had been abolished, the

strong tyrannized over the weak, and the most enlightened nation in the world was in imminent danger of degenerating into a horde of rapacious barbarians.

This state of things could not continue ; and the people, finding from experience that perfect equality was not quite the most enviable mode of government, began to suspect that a division of labour and a distinction of ranks were absolutely necessary to civilization ; and sought out their ancient nobility, to endeavour to restore something like order to society. These illustrious personages were soon found : those who had not emigrated, had retired to their seats in the country, where, surrounded by their dependants, and the few friends who had remained faithful to them, they enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate*, and consoled themselves for the loss of their former greatness, by railing most manfully at those who had deprived them of it.

Amongst this number, was the lineal descendant of the late royal family, and to him the people now resolved humbly and uncondition-

ally to offer the crown; imagining, with the usual vehemence and inconsistency of popular commotions, that an arbitrary government must be best for them, as being the very reverse of that, the evils of which they had just so forcibly experienced.

The prince however, to whom a deputation from the people made this offer, happened not to be ambitious. Like another Cincinnatus, he placed all his happiness in the cultivation of a small farm, and had sufficient prudence to reject a grandeur which he felt must be purchased by the sacrifice of his peace. The deputies were in despair at his refusal; and they re-urged their suit with every argument the distress of their situation could inspire. They painted in glowing colours the horrors of the anarchy that prevailed, the misery of the kingdom, the despair of the people, and at last wound up their arguments by a solemn appeal to Heaven, that if he persisted in his refusal, the future wretchedness of the people might fall upon his head. The prince continued inexorable; and the deputies were pre-

paring to withdraw, when the prince's daughter, who had been present during the whole interview, rushed forward and prevented their retreat:—"Stay! I will be your Queen," cried she energetically; "I will save my country, or perish in the attempt!"

The princess was a beautiful woman, about six-and-twenty; and at this moment, her fine eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, her cheeks glowing, and her whole face and figure breathing dignity from the exalted purpose of her soul, she appeared to the deputies almost as a supernatural being; and, regarding her offer as a direct inspiration from Heaven, they bore her in triumph to the assembled multitude who awaited their return: whilst the people, ever caught by novelty, and desirous of any change to free them from the misery they were enduring, hailed her appearance with delight, and unanimously proclaimed her Queen.

The new sovereign soon found the task she had undertaken a difficult one; but happening luckily to possess common sense and prudence, united with a firm and active disposition, she

contrived in time to restore order, and to confirm her own power, whilst she contributed to the happiness of her people. The face of the kingdom rapidly changed—security produced improvement—and the self-banished nobles of the former dynasty crowding round the new Queen, she chose from amongst them the wisest and most experienced for her counsellors, and by their help compounded an excellent code of laws. This book was open to the whole kingdom; and cases being decided by principle instead of precedent, litigation was almost unknown: for as the laws were fully and clearly explained, so as to be understood by every body, few dared to act in open violation of them, punishment being certain to follow detection; and all the agonizing delights of a lawsuit were entirely destroyed, as every body knew, the moment the facts were stated, how it would inevitably terminate. This renewal of the golden age continued several years without interruption, the people being too much delighted with the personal comforts they enjoyed, to complain of the errors inseparable

from all human institutions; whilst the remembrance of what they had suffered during the reign of anarchy, made them tremble at a change, and patiently submit to trifling inconveniences to avoid the risk of positive evils.

This generation passed away, and with it died, not only the recollection of the past misfortunes of the kingdom, but also the spirit of content they had engendered. A new race arose, who, with the ignorance and presumption of inexperience, found fault with every thing they did not understand, and accused the Queen and her ministers of dotage, merely because they did not accomplish impossibilities. The government, however, was too firmly established to be easily shaken. The judicious economy of the Queen had filled her treasury with riches; her prudent regulations had extended the commerce of her subjects to an almost incredible extent; whilst her firm and decided disposition made her universally respected both at home and abroad. The malcontents were therefore awed into submission, and obliged, in spite of themselves, to rest satis-

fied with growling at the government they were not strong enough to overturn. At this time the Queen died, and the state of affairs experienced an important change.

It has been before mentioned, that the religion of the country had altered with its government. Atheism, rational liberty, and fanaticism, had followed each other in regular succession; and the people found, by fatal experience, that persecution and bigotry assimilated as naturally with infidelity as with superstition. A fixed government seemed to require an established religion; and the multitude, ever in extremes, rushed from excess of liberty to intolerance. The Catholic faith was restored, new saints were canonized, and confessors appointed in the families of every person of distinction. These priests, however, were far from having the power they had possessed in former times. The eyes of men had been too long opened to be easily closed again. Education still continued amongst the lower classes; and though, at the time this history commences, it was going out of fashion with

persons of rank, its influence was felt even by those most prejudiced against it. During the reign of the late Queen, the minds of the public not having any state affairs to occupy them, had been directed to the improvement of the arts and sciences; and so many new inventions had been struck out, so many wonderful discoveries made, and so many ingenious contrivances put into execution, that poor Nature seemed to be degraded from her throne, and usurping man to have stepped up to supply her place.

Before the Queen died, she chose her niece Claudia to succeed her; and as she enacted that none of her successors should marry, she ordered that all future queens should be chosen, by the people, from such female members of her family as might be between twenty and twenty-five years of age, at the time of the throne's becoming vacant. Every male throughout the kingdom who had attained the age of twenty-one, was to have a voice in this election; but as it was presumed it might be inconvenient to convoke these numerous electors into one place,

it was agreed that every ten thousand should choose a deputy to proceed to London to represent them, and that a majority of these deputies should elect the Queen. It seemed probable to thinking minds, however, that this scheme, like most feasible in theory, would present some difficulties when it was to be put in practice; but of these, the old Queen never troubled herself to think. She had provided against any immediate disturbance by choosing her own successor, and she left posterity to take care of itself.

Queen Claudia was one of those *fainéant* sovereigns of whom it is extremely difficult to write the history, for the simple but unanswerable reason, that they never perform any action worthy of being recorded. But as she seldom did any harm, though she did not do much good, she contrived to escape either violent censure or applause; and in short, to get through life very decently, without making much bustle about it. She continued the same counsellors that had been employed by her predecessor, appointing the sons, when the fathers

died, to save trouble. She left the laws as she found them for the same reason ; and, in short, she let the affairs of government go on so quietly, and so exactly in the same routine as before, that for two or three years after her accession, the people were scarcely aware that any change had taken place.

CHAPTER II.

THE indolent Claudia had already reigned three years in the most profound tranquillity; and the year 12127 was beginning also to roll placidly away, when early in its spring the peace of the kingdom was interrupted, and the Council of the Queen thrown into most distressing consternation by the intelligence that Roderick, King of Ireland, had landed in Wales, at the head of an invading army, and that the malcontents from every part of the kingdom were flocking to his standard.

The crisis was alarming. The pacific reign

of the late Queen, and inertness of the present one, had occasioned the standing army of England to be a splendid toy, kept rather for show than use; and universal education had made its component parts reasoning pedants, rather than active agents. It was, indeed, no uncommon occurrence to see a regiment thrown into confusion on a review day, in consequence of the orders of the general not exactly coinciding with the notions entertained of military tactics by the privates, who, whilst arguing the point, quite forgot what they had been ordered to perform. Little could reasonably be expected from an army thus constituted, but the native spirit of Englishmen, and their hatred of foreigners, rose triumphant over every obstacle; and the soldiers unanimously professed themselves ready to obey the orders of the council, and to die in defence of their Queen and government if necessary.

Unfortunately, however, the Council were in no condition to give orders. This worthy and sapient body had hitherto contrived to manage their affairs very comfortably, by referring in

all cases of doubt and difficulty to decisions made in the reign of the late Queen; but this case was quite unprecedented, and the illustrious lawgivers were consequently completely at a loss as to what was best to be done. Meanwhile the enemy, who had no such scruples to contend with, entered the suburbs of London, and attacking the Queen's palace in Hammersmith Street, upon the banks of the Thames, would inevitably have taken her Majesty prisoner, had not this fatal outrage been prevented by the courage and activity of Edmund Montagu, a captain in the Queen's body guard, who had obtained his commission through the interest of the Queen's great uncle, the old Duke of Cornwall, only a short time previously.

This youthful hero luckily had command of the guard at the time of the enemy's attack, and by his decision and presence of mind, he succeeded in animating his soldiers to defend the post committed to their charge, till a body of regular troops under the Duke of Exeter, a veteran officer of the late Queen, came to their relief, and compelled the invaders to retreat.

The Duke of Exeter was a good soldier, and a sensible man. He saw the danger of his country, and like another Washington, left his beloved retirement to save it from destruction. The counsellors of the Queen gladly submitted to his dictation. They felt their own weakness, and cheerfully gave up the reins of government to hands better qualified to guide them. The Queen was equally glad to escape all responsibility; and the Duke of Exeter, appointing young Montagu, with whose conduct he had been much pleased, second in command, soon, by a succession of vigorous and consistent measures, drove the enemy from the kingdom: their retreat indeed being hastened by the news Roderick received of an insurrection having broken out in Dublin during his absence.

Whilst these intestine commotions were agitating England, the Emperors of Greece and Germany, who had long envied the prosperity of "the little sea-girt isle," took the opportunity of declaring war against it; and Claudia only found herself freed from domestic foes,

to contend with foreign ones. Her army, however, encouraged by success, professed themselves ready to encounter any enemy, and they set off for Germany, in high spirits under the command of General Montagu; the Duke of Exeter's age and infirmities making him decline leaving England.

The youthful general was the son of a baronet in the West of England, and rapid as his promotion had been at court, it was by no means greater than he deserved. His face and figure were such as the imagination delights to picture as a hero of antiquity; and his character accorded well with the majestic graces of his person. Haughty and commanding in his temper—ambition was his God, and the love of glory his strongest passion; yet his very pride had a nobleness in it, and his soldiers loved though they feared him.

Very different was the character of his younger brother Edric, whose romantic disposition and contemplative turn of mind often excited the ridicule of his friends. As usual, in similar cases, the persecution he endured only wedded

him more firmly to his peculiar opinions, and determined him to sustain them with the constancy of a martyr, whilst he secluded himself from society, and despised the opinion of the world, because he found it was against him ; supposing himself capable of resisting every species of temptation, simply because, as yet, he had met with nothing adequate to tempt him. Older and more experienced persons have made the same mistake.

Perhaps the striking difference perceptible in the character of these young men, might be occasioned more by education than nature. Until the period of Edmund's obtaining his commission, they had both resided entirely at the country seat of their father, Sir Ambrose, where the care of their instruction was confided to Dr. Entwurfen, a German enthusiast, whom an unlucky propensity for trying experiments had banished from his native land. This philosopher, however, was unfortunately better skilled in the knowledge of the sciences, than in that of the human heart ; and the lofty spirit of Edmund, despising his control, soon sought a more con-

genial companion in Father Morris, confessor to the Duke of Cornwall, who resided in the neighbourhood; and who, having been a warrior in his youth, was well calculated to sympathise with the feelings of a young aspirant for military glory.

The confessor was an intelligent, well informed man, and feeling flattered by the fondness Edmund showed for his society, he devoted all his leisure hours to the instruction of his young friend, leaving Dr. Entwerfen to occupy himself entirely with Edric, whose disposition accorded better with his own. Sir Ambrose was well satisfied with the change; Edmund was always his favourite son, and possessing the happy privilege of favourites, found no difficulty in persuading his father that whatever he preferred, was the best and most prudent plan that could possibly have been adopted. He thus easily contrived in due time to get permission to enter the army, and being naturally ardent and enterprising, success had hitherto attended all his efforts.

Country gentlemen have always been allowed

to form a genus perfectly distinct from every other class of the community; there being something in the mere circumstance of a man's living entirely upon his own estate, which never fails to produce a peculiar effect upon the mind. An English 'Squire is indeed almost a petty monarch: surrounded by his tenants and dependants, he rarely, except upon occasions of ceremony, meets with any superior, or even equal to himself; and he becomes the sun of his own system, around whom the doctor, the parson, and the lawyer of his village, roll as attendant planets.

Notwithstanding all the changes that had taken place in the political, moral, and religious state of England, this caste remained the same; and Sir Ambrose was as warm in his feelings; as hasty in his temper, and as violent in his prejudices as any of his predecessors. He was nevertheless far superior to the generality of his class, and amongst innumerable other good qualities, was an indulgent master and an affectionate father. His foible,—for alas! where shall we find a character without

one,—was a desire to show occasionally how implicitly he could be obeyed : though, in general, he was easy to a fault, and it was only when roused by opposition, that the natural obstinacy of his disposition displayed itself. Edmund's military glory was flattering to his parental pride, and his eyes would glisten with delight at the bare mention of his darling's name.

In common with most persons of his class, Sir Ambrose Montagu considered regularity as a cardinal virtue ; and in his own habits, he was as undeviating and exact as the machinery which performed the principal domestic operations in his mansion. Every day after dinner at the same hour, he proceeded regularly to his library, where Abelard, an old butler, who had grown grey in his service, as regularly presented him with a splendid hookah, which he smoked with infinite satisfaction ; whilst Davis, his steward, reported all that had occurred relative to the affairs of the farm during the day, and received orders for all that was to take place during the morrow.

One fine evening in June, 2127, Davis was

not listened to with the accustomed interest; and the smoke of the hookah, instead of being gently puffed out with its usual air of calm enjoyment, rose rapidly in volumes, or sank entirely away, as Sir Ambrose appeared alternately excited by strong feeling, or lost in meditation. Parental affection occasioned this unwonted agitation; letters had been received from Edmund, announcing him to be upon the eve of battle with an army far superior to his own, and the impatience with which the doating father expected intelligence of the event, may be easier imagined than described. Still the force of habit prevailed, and the accustomed hour found him with his faithful attendants, Davis and Abelard, at their usual posts in the library.

The worthy baronet was above seventy; and his long white hair hung in waving curls upon his shoulders, as he sat in his comfortable elastic arm-chair, leaning one elbow upon the table before him. His features had been very handsome, and his complexion still retained that look of health and clearness, which, in a

green old age, is the sure indication of a well-spent life. His countenance, though intelligent, was unmarked by the traces of any stormy passions; the cares and troubles of life seemed to have passed gently over him, and content had smoothed the wrinkles age might have made upon his brow; whilst the tall thin figure of Mr. Davis, as he stood reverentially bending forward, his hat in his hand, and his whole demeanour expressing a singular mixture of preciseness and habitual respect, contrasted strongly with the dignified appearance of his master.

The windows of the library opened to the ground, and looked out upon a fine terrace, shaded by a verandah, supported by trellis-work, round which, twined roses mingled with vines. Below, stretched a smiling valley, beautifully wooded, and watered by a majestic river winding slowly along; now lost amidst the spreading foliage of the trees that hung over its banks, and then shining forth again in the light as a lake of liquid silver. Beyond, rose hills majestically towering to the skies, their clear outline now distinctly marked by the setting

sun, as it slowly sank behind them, shedding its glowing tints of purple and gold upon their heathy sides; whilst some of its brilliant rays even penetrated through the leafy shade of the verandah, and danced like summer lightning upon the surface of a mirror of polished steel which hung directly in the face of Sir Ambrose.

“What a lovely evening!” exclaimed the worthy baronet, gazing with a delightful eye upon the rich landscape before him; “often as I have looked upon this scene, methinks every time I see it I discover some new beauty. How finely the golden tint the sun throws upon the tops of those trees, is relieved by the deep masses of shadow below! That was Edmund’s favourite grove, poor fellow!” and the anxious father sighed, as he puffed his hookah.

“It is a fine evening,” said Davis, bowing low, “and if your honour pleases, I think we had better get the steam-mowing apparatus in motion to-morrow. If the sun should be as hot to-morrow as it has been to-day, I am sure

the hay will make without using the burning glass at all."

"Do as you like, Davis," returned his master, puffing the smoke violently from his pipe, "I leave it entirely to you."

"And does not your honour think I had better give the barley a little rain? It will be all burnt up, if this weather should continue; and if your honour approve, it may be done immediately, for I saw a nice black heavy-looking cloud sailing by just now, and I can get the electrical machine out in five minutes to draw it down, if your honour thinks fit."

"I have already told you I give you permission to do as you like, Davis," returned the baronet, puffing out volumes of smoke from his hookah. "Inundate the fields if you will, so that you don't trouble me any more about the matter."

"But I would not wish to act without your honour's full conviction," resumed the persevering steward. "Your honour must be aware of the aridity of the soil, and of the impossibility that exists of a proper developement of

the incipient heads, unless they be supplied with an adequate quantity of moisture."

"You are very unreasonable, Davis," said Sir Ambrose; "most of your fraternity would be satisfied with being permitted to have their own way; but you——"

"Excuse my interrupting your honour, cried Davis, bowing profoundly; "but I cannot bear it to be thought that I was capable of persuading your honour to take any steps your honour might not thoroughly approve. Now as to the germinization and ripening——"

"My good fellow!" exclaimed Sir Ambrose, smiling at the energy with which Davis spoke—his thin figure waving backwards and forwards in the sunshine, and his earnest wish to convince his master, almost depriving his voice of its usual solemn and sententious tone: "My mind is too much occupied to think of these things now, so I give you full and free liberty to burn, dry, or drown my fields, as you may think fit; empowering you to take all necessary steps, either to germinate or ripen corn upon any part of my estate, only premising, that you

do not trouble me upon the subject any longer; and so good night."

This being spoken in a tone of voice Davis did not dare to disobey, he slowly retired, apparently as much annoyed at having his own way, as some people are at being contradicted; when suddenly a brilliant flash of light gleamed on the baronet's polished mirror. "Ah! what was that?" exclaimed Sir Ambrose, starting up, and dashing his pipe upon the ground.

He gazed eagerly upon the mirror for a few seconds in breathless anxiety, bending forwards in a listening attitude, and not daring to stir, as though he feared the slightest movement might destroy the pleasing illusion. The flash was repeated again and again in rapid succession, whilst a peal of silver bells began to ring their rounds in liquid melody. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the aged baronet, sinking upon his knees, and clasping his hands together, whilst the big tears rolled rapidly down his face, "My Edmund has conquered! my Edmund is safe!"

The faithful servants of Sir Ambrose fol-

lowed the example of their master, and for some minutes the whole party appeared lost in silent thanksgivings; the silver bells still continuing their harmonious sweetness, though in softer and softer strains, till at last they gradually died away upon the ear. Sir Ambrose started from his knees as the melody ceased, and desiring Abelard to summon Edric and Father Morris, who was then with the youthful philosopher in his study, he rushed upon the terrace, followed by Davis, to examine a telegraph placed upon a mount at a little distance, so as to be seen from one end of it: the light and music just mentioned, being a signal always given when some important information was about to be transmitted.

The sun had now sunk behind the hills, and the shades of evening were rapidly closing in as the baronet, with straining eyes, watched the various movements of the machine. "One, two, and six!" said he; "yes, that signifies he has won the battle, and is safe. My heart told me so, when I saw the signal flash. My darling Edmund!—two, four, and eight—he has

subdued the Germans, and taken the whole of the fine province of France. Six, six, and four—alas! my failing eyes are too weak to see distinctly. Davies, look I implore you! The signal is changing before we have discovered its meaning! For mercy's sake look before it be too late! Alas! alas! I had forgotten your eyes are as feeble as mine own. Oh, Davis! where is Edric? Why is not he here to assist his poor old father at such a moment as this?"

But Edric was otherwise engaged. After the departure of Edmund for the continent, the attention of Father Morris had been directed to his brother, and the mind of Edric, which had long craved for stronger food than it could obtain from the good-natured Dr. Entwerfen, expanded rapidly beneath the culture bestowed upon it. He had long been fond of abstract studies and visionary speculations, but they now formed the only pleasure of his existence; and he pursued them with an eagerness which made all the ordinary affairs of life appear tasteless and insipid. An idea, suggested by

Father Morris in one of their conferences, as to the possibility of reanimating a dead body, took forcible possession of his mind. His imagination became heated by long dwelling upon the same theme; and a strange, wild, undefinable craving to hold converse with a disembodied spirit haunted him incessantly. For some time he buried this feverish anxiety in his own breast, and tried in vain to subdue it; but it seemed to hang upon his steps, to present itself before him wherever he went, and, in short, to pursue him with the malignancy of a demon.

“What is the matter with you, Edric?” said Father Morris to his proselyte, the day we have already mentioned. “You are so changed, I scarcely know you, and your eyes have a wild expression, absolutely terrific.”

“I am, indeed, half mad,” returned Edric, with a melancholy smile; “and yet, perhaps, you will laugh when I tell you the reason of my uneasiness: to say truth, the conversation we had together the other day has occasioned it. You convinced me so clearly of the

possibility of resuscitating a dead body, that since that moment I have been tormented by an earnest desire to communicate with one who has been an inhabitant of the tomb. I would fain know the secrets of the grave, and ascertain whether the spirit be chained after death to its earthly covering of clay, condemned till the day of final resurrection to hover over the rotting mass of corruption that once contained it; or whether the last agonies of death free it from its mortal ties, and leave it floating, free as air, in the bright regions of ethereal space?"

"You know my opinion," said the priest.

"I do," replied the pupil; "but forgive me if I add—I do not feel satisfied with it: in fact, mine is not a character to be satisfied with building my faith upon that of any other man. I would see and judge for myself."

"I do not blame you," resumed the Father Morris; "a reasonable being should believe nothing he cannot prove; and to remove your doubts, I would advise you to step into the adjoining church-yard, where you can try Dr.

Entwerfen's galvanic battery of fifty surgeon power, (which you must allow is surely enough to re-animate the dead,) upon a body which then——"

"Hold! hold!" cried Edric, shuddering. "My blood freezes in my veins, at the thought of a church-yard:—your words recall a horrible dream that I had last night, which, even now, dwells upon my mind, and resists all the efforts I can make to shake it off."

"Tell it, then," said the Confessor sternly; "for when the imagination is possessed by horrible fantasies, it is relieved by speaking of them to another person."

"I thought," said Edric, "that I was wandering in a thick gloomy wood, through which I had the utmost difficulty to make my way. The black trees, frowning in awful majesty above my head, twined together in masses, so as almost to obstruct my path. Suddenly, a fearful light flashed upon me, and I saw at my feet a horrid charnel house, where the dying mingled terrifically with the dead. The miserable living wretches turned and writhed

with pain, striving in vain to escape from the mass of putrescence heaped upon them. I saw their eye-balls roll in agony—I watched the distortion of their features, and, making a violent effort to relieve one who had almost crawled to my feet, I shrank back with horror as I found the arm I grasped soften to my touch, and a disgusting mass of corruption give way beneath my fingers!—Shuddering I awoke—a cold sweat hanging upon my brows, and every nerve thrilling with convulsive agony.”

“Mere visionary terrors,” said the father. “You have suffered your imagination to dwell upon one subject, till it is become morbid.

“Is it not strange,” continued Edric, apparently pursuing the current of his own thoughts, “that the mind should crave so earnestly what the body shudders at; and yet, how can a mass of mere matter, which we see sink into corruption the moment the spirit is withdrawn from it, shudder? How can it even feel? I can scarcely analyse my own sensations; but it appears to me that two separate and distinct spirits animate the mass of clay which

composes the human frame. The one, the merely vital spark which gives it life and motion, and which we share in common with brutes, and even vegetables; and the other, the divine ethereal spirit, which we may properly term the soul, and which is a direct emanation from God himself, only bestowed upon man."

"In my opinion," said Father Morris, "the organs of thought, reflection, imagination and reason, are material; and as long as the body remains uncorrupted all may be restored, provided circulation can be renewed: for that I think the principle essentially necessary to set the animal machine in motion."

"I confess," resumed Edric, "we all know that circulation and the action of the lungs are inseparably connected, and that if the latter be arrested, death must ensue. How frequently are apparently dead bodies recovered by friction, which produces circulation; and inflation of the lungs with air, which restores their action. If the idea be correct, that the soul leaves the body the instant what we call death takes place,

how can these instances of resuscitation be accounted for? Think you that the soul can be recalled to the body after it has once quitted it? Or that it hovers over it in air, attached to it by invisible ligatures, ready to be drawn back to its former situation, when the body shall resume its vital functions? It cannot surely remain in a dormant state, and be re-awakened with the body; for this would be inconsistent with the very idea of an incorporeal spirit."

"If you could overcome your childish reluctance to trying an experiment upon a corpse," said Father Morris, "your doubts would be set at rest. For if you could succeed in re-animating a dead body that had been long entombed, so that it might enjoy its reasoning faculties in full perfection, my opinion would be completely established."

"But where shall I find a body, which has been dead a sufficient time to prevent the possibility of its being only in a trance, and which yet has not begun to decompose?—For even if I could conquer the repugnance I feel at the

thought of touching such a mass of cold mortality, as that presented in my dream, according to your own theory, the organs must be perfect, or the experiment will not be complete."

"What think you of trying to operate upon a mummy? You know a chamber has been lately discovered in the great pyramid, which is supposed to be the real tomb of Cheops; and where, it is said, the mummies of that great king and the principal personages of his household, have been found in a state of wonderful preservation."

"But mummies are so swathed up."

"Not those of kings and princes. You know all travellers, both ancient and modern, who have seen them, agree, that they are wrapped merely in folds of red and white linen, every finger and even every toe distinct; thus, if you could succeed in resuscitating Cheops, you need not even touch the body; as the clothing in which it is wrapped, would not at all encumber its movements."

"The idea is feasible, and, as you rightly say, if it can be put into execution, will set the

matter at rest for ever. I should also like to visit the pyramids, those celebrated monuments of antiquity, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of the darker ages, and which seem to have been spared by the devastating hand of Time, purposely to perplex the learned."

Dr. Entwerfen had been present during the whole of this conversation, though he had been so busied with some philosophical experiments, that he had not joined in it; roused, however, by the word "pyramid," he now started forward.

"You are right," cried he, with enthusiasm, "they are, indeed, a mystery which it has puzzled ages to develope—go to Egypt, and I will accompany you. I feel an inward voice call me to the spot. Yes, we will explore these monuments, and who can tell but that we may be the favoured mortals destined to raise the mystic veil which so long has covered them? We may be decreed to revive their mummies, and force them to reveal the secrets of their prison-house. It was Cheops raised the pyramids from the dust by science, and Cheops, by

the force of science, shall be compelled to disclose their origin."

"I am glad," resumed Father Morris, "to find the opinions of Dr. Entwerfen coincide so exactly with my own, and that he will have the kindness to accompany your expedition. You will want a companion who can enter into your feelings, and participate in your hopes. My monastic vows chain me to this spot, or I would gladly lend my humble aid to accomplish so valuable a discovery."

"Well, well, we can easily fancy that," cried Dr. Entwerfen, impatiently; "but though you can't go, we can: and—and—when shall we set off, Edric, dear?"

"Stay, stay!" replied Edric, smiling at the doctor's impetuosity; "though I own I should like to visit Egypt, yet there are many things to be considered before such an expedition can be undertaken. I must obtain my father's consent. I must——"

Here a gentle tap at the door interrupted Edric's argument; and made the doctor, whose nerves were rather susceptible, leap two or

three yards in a fright :—whilst Father Morris, with his usual air of calm composure, opened the door to the unwelcome intruder.

It was old Abelard the butler. Half ashamed of the unphilosophic terror he had evinced, the doctor felt glad to be able to hide his emotion under the appearance of anger, and demanded peevishly, what was the matter. “Have I not told you a hundred times,” continued he, “that I do not like to be interrupted at my studies! and that nothing is more disagreeable than to have one’s attention distracted, when it has been fixed upon an affair of importance!”

“I do not attempt to controvert the axiom you have just propounded,” returned Abelard, speaking in a slow precise manner, as though he weighed every syllable before he drawled it forth: “for undeniable facts do not admit of contradiction. However, as the message with which I stand charged at the present moment, relates to Master Edric and the reverend Father Morris, instead of yourself, I humbly opine, no blame can attach itself to me, on account of the

unpremeditated interruption of which you allege me culpable.”

“ And what have you to say to me ?” demanded Edric.

“ That the worthy gentleman, your respectable progenitor, requests you instantly to put in exercise your locomotive powers to join him on the terrace, to the end, that there your superior visual faculties may afford *soulagement* to the mental anxiety under which he at present labours, by aiding him to develop the intelligence conveyed to him by the telegraphic machine.”

“ What !” exclaimed Edric, eagerly, and then, without waiting a reply, he darted forward, and in a few seconds was by the side of his father: whilst Father Morris followed with nearly equal expedition.

Abelard gazed after them with amazement: “ There is something very astonishing,” said he, addressing Dr. Entwerfen, “ in the effervescence of the animal spirits during youth. I labour under a complete acatalepsy upon the sub-

ject ; I should think it must arise from the excessive elasticity of the nerves. Ideas strike—” but here, happening unfortunately to look up, he too was struck to find Dr. Entwerfen had also vanished : and being unwilling to waste his eloquence upon the empty air, he departed, slowly and solemnly, however, according to his custom, to join the party assembled on the terrace.

CHAPTER III.

“ My dear Edric,” exclaimed Sir Ambrose, throwing himself into the arms of his son, “ my dear, dear Edric ! your brother has gained the battle ! The Germans are completely overthrown. He has taken their king, and several of their princes prisoners ; and the fine province of France is ceded to us entirely !”

“ I am rejoiced to hear it,” cried Edric, returning his father’s embrace with emotion, “ and he, I hope, is safe ?”

“ I hope so too,” replied Sir Ambrose ; “ though he says nothing of himself : but you know Edmund : ‘ Our troops won this,’ ‘ our army gained that !’ ‘ the soldiers fought bravely !’ he never speaks of himself. To

hear him relate a battle, nobody would imagine he had ever had any thing to do with it."

"It is too dark to see any more," said Father Morris, who, during this conversation, had been watching the telegraph, and now turned from it in despair; "the machine is still in motion, but it is too dark for me to decipher what it means."

The attention of all present was directed to the sky as he spoke. It was indeed become of pitchy blackness, a general gloom seemed to hang over the face of nature; the birds flew twittering for shelter, a low wind moaned through the trees, and, in short, every thing seemed to portend a storm.

"Had we not better return to the house?" said Dr. Entwerfen, looking round with something like fear at these alarming indications, for his heated imagination had not yet quite recovered the effect of the awful speculations in which he had been so lately indulging. "What is that black spot there? I declare it moves! Good heavens! what can it be?"

"Really, doctor!" returned Abelard, "you

provoke the action of my risible faculties. That opaque body which you perceive at a little distance, and which seems to have occasioned such a fearful excitement of your nervous system, is only a living specimen of the *corvus* genus, who has probably descended upon earth to search for his vermicular repast."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Abelard," rejoined Mr. Davis, speaking with his usual precision, "but, according to my humble apprehension, you labour under a slight mistake as to that particular. The feathered biped that has so forcibly attracted your attention, appears to me, not one of the *corvi*, but rather one of the *graculi*; a variety of extremely rare occurrence in this vicinity, and which are sometimes called *incendriæ* aves, from their unfortunate propensity to put habitations in combustion, by picking up small pieces of phlogisticated carbon, and carrying them in their beaks to the combination of straw and other materials, sometimes piled upon the apex of a house, to defend it from the inroads of pluviosity."

"It is of no use," sighed Sir Ambrose, still

straining his eyes to endeavour to decipher the movements of the telegraph, the outlines of which now only appeared, stamped as if in jet, and strongly relieved by the dark grey sky beyond.

“It is of no use,” reiterated Father Morris, and the whole party were preparing to retire, when suddenly a vivid light flashed upon them from the hill, and instantly a long line of torches seemed to stream along the horizon. “He is coming home, but will write more to-morrow,” exclaimed the whole party simultaneously; for all knew well by experience, the meaning of that signal. “He is coming home, thank God!” repeated Sir Ambrose, his pallid lips quivering, and every limb trembling with agitation.

“Look to my father,” cried Edric, “he will faint.”

“Oh no, no!” repeated Sir Ambrose: “thank God! thank God!”

“Lean upon me, at least,” said Edric, affectionately.

Sir Ambrose complied; and, supported by

his son, gazed anxiously on the torches, the red glare of which, by shedding an unnatural light around them, made the surrounding darkness only appear more intense. Thunder now growled in the distance, and rain began to fall in large drops; yet still Sir Ambrose stood, with his eyes fixed upon the torches, and no persuasions could induce him to leave the terrace. These wild, fearful-looking lights, gleaming through the tempest, seemed a connecting link between him and his darling son; and it was not till they were obscured by the thick heavy rain, and even the outline of the telegraph vanished in the gathering clouds around, that he could be induced to seek for shelter.

Sir Ambrose slept little that night: the sleep of age is easily broken, and perhaps the joyful agitation of his spirits had produced a slight access of fever. He rose with the dawn; and, long before the rest of his family had descended, summoned Abelard, that he might dispatch him to inform the Duke of Cornwall of the news: as Father Morris, on account of the storm, had passed the night at the house of Sir Ambrose.

“Go,” said he, as soon as the drowsy butler made his appearance. “I am sure the duke feels nearly as great an interest in the success of Edmund as myself, and will not be displeased if he be disturbed a little earlier than usual upon such an occasion.”

“I obey,” replied Abelard. “I will shake off my somnolent propensities, and speed with the velocity of the electric fluid to the castle of the noble chieftain.”

“Take heed you do not forget your message by the way,” repeated Sir Ambrose, smiling.

“Not all the waters of Lethe could wash such somnifugous tidings from my memory,” replied the butler. “Your honour’s words are imprinted upon the mnemonic organ of my brain; and my sensorium must be divided from my cerebellum ere they can be effaced.”

The Duke of Cornwall had been the intimate friend of Sir Ambrose almost from infancy. They had been companions at school and at college; besides which, peculiar circumstances which had happened in their youth, had link-

ed them together in indissoluble ties. What these circumstances were, however, no one exactly knew, except the parties concerned, and they always avoided alluding to them. All that was generally understood upon the subject being, that Sir Ambrose had, in some manner, been instrumental in saving the duke's life; but how, when, or where, was never clearly explained.

The Duke of Cornwall was of the royal family of England, and closely allied to the throne. His father had been brother to that prince who had so stedfastly refused the crown when it was offered to him by the ambassadors from the people; and as that prince had left no male descendants, the duke might be considered as legitimately entitled to reign. The thought of disturbing by his claims the female dynasty now established, had, however, never entered into his mind, for having taken it into his head that he would marry his daughter Elvira to Edmund Montagu, and his niece Rosabella to Edric, he turned all his thoughts,

plans, and wishes to the accomplishment of this object, and suffered no other idea to interfere with it.

Like most persons living in complete retirement, the duke was exceedingly fond of petty mysteries and needless manœuvres, and he wasted as much ingenuity and as many contrivances over this scheme, as might, if differently applied, have sufficed to overturn a kingdom. It was true, the interest of the plot was somewhat spoiled, by the fear that the instant he made known his intentions, every one would be delighted to comply with them: yet still, as long as it was kept secret, it was a plot, and as it was the best the duke could muster, he resolved to make the most of it.

For this purpose he made Father Morris his confidant, and held long private conferences every day with him upon the subject. The duke was now completely happy: he had not only something to plan, and something to think about, but he had also some one to oppose, for Father Morris's opinion as to the dispositions of the young people, was diametrically opposite

to his own; he thinking the strong mind and haughty spirit of Rosabella better suited to the ambitious Edmund, whilst the soft yielding disposition and feminine graces of Elvira seemed to harmonize exactly with the taste of the philosophic Edric. No persuasions, however, could induce the duke to deviate in the slightest degree from his design. Like many of the higher classes of society in those days of universal education, he affected an excessive plainness and simplicity in his language; so much so, indeed, as sometimes almost to degenerate into rudeness, in order that it might be clearly distinguished from the elaborate and scientific expressions of the vulgar; and when urged by his confessor upon the subject of these intended marriages, he would roughly say, "Don't talk to me; there is nothing like a little contradiction in the married life. If two people were to agree to live together, who were always of the same opinion, they would die of ennui in six months. No, no, I'm right, and so they'll find it in the end."

He would then shake his head, and put on

such a look of positive determination, that Father Morris would generally retire in silence, feeling it perfectly in vain to attempt to alter his resolution. As to consulting the inclinations of the young people themselves, the idea never entered his imagination. "Children don't know what is good for them," he would reply sharply, if such a thought were suggested to him, "and it is the duty of parents and guardians to decide in such matters."

The duke had already risen, and was in his garden, when the messenger of Sir Ambrose arrived panting for breath, and quite exhausted by the velocity, as he expressed it, which he had employed in endeavouring to execute with the utmost expedition, the wishes of his master. The duke was surprised to see him.— "What brings you out so early, Abelard?" demanded he.

"Oh, your grace," replied the butler, gasping for utterance, "the haste I have made has impeded my respiration; and the blood, finding the pulmonary artery free, rushes with such force along the arterial canal to the aorta, that

—that—I am in imminent danger of being suffocated.”

“ Pshaw !” said the duke.

“ Besides,” continued Abelard, “ a saline secretion distils from every pore of my skin, in a serous transudation, from the excessive exertions I have made use of.”

“ And what has occasioned these violent exertions ?”

“ The earnest desire experienced by Sir Ambrose to transmit with all the expedition possible, to your grace, the intelligence he has just received of the acquisition of a victory by Master Edmund, in the hostile territory of Germany.”

“ Victory !” shouted the duke, “ Victory!—Rosabella! Elvira! where are you, girls? Here’s tidings to rouse you from your slumbers.—And how is he, Abelard? Is the brave boy safe himself? God bless him! victory will be nothing to us, if we are to lose him.”

“ It occasions me excessive chagrin,” replied Abelard, “ that I am totally unable to resolve that interrogatory to your grace’s complete sa-

tisfaction. Taciturnity, however, upon some subjects, is, I believe, generally considered synonymous with prosperity ; and, as Master Edmund, to the best of my credence, conveyed no information relative to his sanity in the communication made by him to his paternal ancestor, I humbly opine that there are no reasonable grounds for supposing it has suffered any material deterioration in consequence of the late sanguinary encounter in which he has been engaged."

The duke had not patience to wait the conclusion of this speech ; but hobbled away as fast as his infirmities would permit, vociferating for Elvira and Rosabella, in a voice that might have silenced Stentor ; and Abelard, finding himself alone, was fain to follow his example, marvelling as he went along, at the excessive impatience of the fiery spirits of the age, which would not permit people to remain stationary, even to hear, what he called, a compendious replication to the very questions which they themselves had propounded.

Whatever faults might fall to the share of the

Duke of Cornwall, that of a cold heart was certainly not amongst the number, and the delight he felt on hearing of Edmund's triumph could not have been greater if the youthful hero had been his own son. His eyes, indeed, absolutely sparkled with transport, when he communicated the intelligence to his niece and daughter; and his tidings were not bestowed upon insensible ears, for the breasts of both his youthful auditors throbbed with pleasure at the news. Elvira had been the idol of Edmund's homage from her childhood; and she fancied she returned his passion with equal fervour; but she deceived herself, and love was as yet a stranger to her heart. Endowed with great beauty and superior talents; accustomed from her earliest infancy to be worshipped by all around her; surrounded by flatterers, till even flattery had lost its charm, Elvira had yet never loved; why she had not, we leave to philosophers to explain; we merely state facts and leave others to draw conclusions.

Rosabella's character was much more easy to decipher than that of her cousin. Passion was

the essence of her existence ; and her dark eyes flashed a fire that bespoke the intensity of her feelings. She loved Edmund, but though she loved him with all that overwhelming violence, which only a soul like hers could feel, yet she would not have scrupled to sacrifice even him to her revenge, if she had thought he treated her with negligence or contempt. She scorned the opinion of the world, and regarded mankind in general but as slaves, whom she should honour by trampling beneath her feet. Ambition was her leading passion, and even her love for Edmund struggled in vain for mastery against it. This feeling was now highly gratified by the tidings of Edmund's victory. She triumphed in his glory ; and a deeper glow burnt upon her cheek, from the proud consciousness she felt that she had not placed her affections upon an unworthy object.

“ We have no time to lose, girls,” said the duke. “ I would not miss being with Sir Ambrose when he receives his letter, for kingdoms. Here, Hyppolite ! Augustus ! get a balloon ready, and let us be off directly. How tedious

these fellows are! They might have removed a church steeple in the time they have wasted about that balloon."

"If your grace would have a moment's patience," said Hyppolite, holding the cords of the balloon. But his Grace had no patience; it was an ingredient Nature had quite forgotten to put into his composition; and, without waiting for the ascending ladder to be put down, he sprang into the car in such haste the moment the balloon was brought to the door, that he was in imminent danger of oversetting it. "So! so," said he, "very well! that will do,—and now girls, that you are safely embarked, we will be off. Hyppolite! you will steer us:—and, Abelard, go you into the buttery, and let my fellows give you something to eat; you will want something after your fatigues. There! there, that will do; don't let us hinder a moment—;" and the rest of his speech was lost in air, as the balloon floated majestically away.

"It has often appeared very astonishing to me," said Abelard, after watching the balloon

till it was out of sight, "to observe how partial great people are generally to an ærial mode of travelling; for my part, I think the pedestrian manner infinitely more agreeable."

"*De gustibus non est disputandum,*" replied Augustus, the duke's footman, to whom this observation was addressed:—"But I think I observe symptoms of lassitude about you, Mr. Abelard. Will you not adjourn to the apartment of Mrs. Russel, our housekeeper, to repair by some alimentary refreshment, the excessive exhaustion you have sustained in the course of your morning's exertions?"

"Willingly, Mr. Augustus.—I own candidly, I feel the want of a little wholesome nutrition. I shall, besides, be extremely happy to avail myself of the opportunity fortune so benignantly presents, of paying my respects to Mrs. Russel, whom I have not seen these three days."

The worthy housekeeper was equally rejoiced with Abelard at this instance of Fortune's benignity; a sort of sentimental flirtation having been going on between them for the last

thirty years. She accordingly stroked down her snow-white apron, re-adjusted her mob cap, and smoothed her grey hairs, which were divided upon her forehead, with the most scrupulous exactness, before she advanced to welcome her visitors. "What will you take, my dear Mr. Abelard?" said she, as soon as he was within hearing; "what can you fancy? I have a delicious corner of a cold venison pasty in my pantry."

"Words are altogether too feeble to express the transports of my gratitude at receiving so gracious an accolade, beauteous Eloisa," replied the romantic butler; for thus, in allusion to his own name, was he wont to call her. "But though you had only the rigours of the Paraclete to invite me to, instead of the comforts of your well-stored pantry, still would words be wanting to express the feelings of my bosom on thus again beholding you."

"Spare my blushes!" said Mrs. Russel, casting her eyes upon the ground, and playing with a corner of her apron. "I feel a roseate suffusion glow upon my cheeks, as your flat-

tering accents strike upon the tympanum of my auricular organs."

"Oh, Mrs. Russel!" sighed Abelard, gazing upon her tenderly;—then, after a short pause, he continued: "As to the aliments with which your provident kindness would soulage my appetite—though venison be a wholesome viand, and was reckoned by the ancients efficacious in preventing fevers, and though the very mention of the savoury pasty makes the cryptæ, usually employed in secreting the mucus of my tongue, erect themselves, thereby occasioning an overflow of the saliva, yet will I deny myself the indulgence, and content myself simply with a boiled egg, as being more likely to agree with the present enfeebled state of the digestive organs of my stomach."

"You shall have it instantly," cried Mrs. Russel.

"And will you have the kindness to superintend the culinary arrangement of it yourself?" rejoined Abelard. "I do not like the albumen too much coagulated; and I prefer it

without any butyraceous oil, simply flavoured by the addition of a small quantity of common muriate of soda."

The egg was soon prepared and devoured. "Thank you, thank you! dear Mrs. Russell," said Abelard; "this refection was most acceptable. I had felt for some time the gastric juice corroding the coats of my stomach; and still, though I have now given it some solid substance to act upon, I think it would not be amiss to dilute its virulence by the addition of a little fluid. Have you any thing cool and refreshing?"

"I have some bottled beer," replied Mrs. Russel; "but I am afraid the carbonic acid gas has not been sufficiently disengaged during the process of the vinous fermentation to render it wholesome; and there is scarcely any alcohol in the whole composition——"

"That is exactly what I want," said Abelard; "for my physicians have expressly forbidden stimulants. Provided the gluten that forms the germ was properly separated in the

preparation of the malt, and the seed sufficiently germinated to convert the fecula into sugar, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"I can guarantee the accuracy of its preparation both with regard to the malt and the beer," repeated Mrs. Russel; and the frothing fluid soon sparkled in a goblet, to the infinite satisfaction of the thirsty butler, who, after a hearty draught, vowed nectar itself was never half so delicious; and that all the gods on Olympus would envy him, if they could but taste his fare, and see the blooming Hebe that was his cup-bearer.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the balloon of the duke approached the habitation of Sir Ambrose, its occupiers perceived the worthy baronet walking with hasty strides towards the mount of the telegraph, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, followed by Edric, Father Morris, and Dr. Entwerfen, who appeared vainly endeavouring to persuade him to relax a speed so little suited to his advanced years.

“Talk not to me of going slowly, when I expect news of my darling Edmund!” exclaimed Sir Ambrose, continuing his rapid pace—his heart beating with paternal pride, and his countenance beaming with exultation.

“ I am also anxious to hear of my brother,” said Edric, “ but after the information we have already received by the telegraphic dispatch, it appears to me that we have little more to learn of importance.”

“ Edric, you are not a father, and you can have no idea of a father’s anxiety,” replied Sir Ambrose, hurrying on to the mount, as though he hoped the rapidity of his motion would afford some relief to the impatience of his mind ; whilst the party of the duke, seeing the point to which he was hastening, opened the valves of their balloon, and made preparations to descend upon the same spot.

The duke and Sir Ambrose were always glad to meet, but as the present occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, so they now greeted each other with more than ordinary pleasure. The duke had always been warmly attached to Edmund, and his voice actually trembled with agitation as he exclaimed :—

“ Well, my old friend, you see your brave boy is determined to keep us alive still. Our

blood would stagnate in our veins, if he did not give us a fillip now and then to rouse us. But what does the young rogue say of himself? I hope he's not wounded?"

"He never mentions himself," replied Sir Ambrose, tears glistening in his eyes, as he pressed the hand of his friend warmly in his own; "Edmund loves his country too devotedly to think of himself when he is engaged in her service."

"Well, well, it is all right," cried the duke, "he is a brave boy, that is certain."

Sir Ambrose did not reply, for he had now reached the summit of the mount, and was too eagerly looking round in every direction to attend to his friend's remark.

In those days, the ancient method of conveying the post having been found much too slow for so enlightened a people, an ingenious scheme had been devised, by which the letters were put into balls and discharged by steam-cannon, from place to place; every town and district having a piece of *toile metal-lique*, or woven wire, suspended in the air,

so as to form a kind of net to arrest the progress of the ball, and being provided with a cannon to send it off again, when the letters belonging to that neighbourhood should have been extracted : whilst, to prevent accident, the mail-post letter-balls were always preceded by one of a similar description, made of thin wood, with a hole in its side, which, collecting the wind as it passed along, made a kind of whizzing noise, to admonish people to keep out of the way.

The mount on which Sir Ambrose now stood, commanded an extensive view, and the scene it presented was beautiful in the extreme. On one side, innumerable grass fields, richly wooded, and only divided from each other by invisible iron fences, appeared like one vast park ; whilst, on the other, the waving corn, its full heads beginning to darken in the sun, gave a rich glowing tint to the landscape. But Sir Ambrose thought not of the prospect, he did not even see the murmuring brooks and shady groves, the smiling vales and swelling hills, that constituted its beauty ; no, his attention

was wholly occupied by a small black spot he had just discovered on the edge of the horizon. In breathless anxiety, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, he bent eagerly forwards, gazing on this small and at first almost imperceptible speck. It gradually grew larger and larger—it rapidly approached! and in a few seconds a slight noise buzzed through the air as the long-expected balls whizzed past him.

Sir Ambrose's agitation was excessive; with trembling limbs and livid lips, he hurried to the nearest station, which luckily was close at hand, and round which several of his household were assembled, in their impatience to hear the news. Sir Ambrose could not speak, but the person whose province it was to sort the letters guessed his errand, and opening the bag held forth the ardently expected treasure. Gasping for breath, Sir Ambrose eagerly attempted to take it, but his hands were unequal to the task, the violence of his emotion overpowered him, and after a short, but fruitless struggle, he fell senseless on the ground.

The confusion produced by this unexpected incident was indescribable. The old duke walked up and down, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, "What shall we do? What will become of us?" whilst the rest of the party endeavoured to give assistance to Sir Ambrose.

"Parental affection," said Davis, who had an unfortunate propensity for making long speeches precisely at the moment when nobody was likely to attend to him; "parental affection has been universally allowed by all writers, both ancient and modern, to be one of the strongest passions of the soul, and the most exalted instances might be produced of the surprising energy of this universal sentiment."

"For Heaven's sake help me to raise my father," cried Edric: "Give him air, or he will die!"

"Patience," continued Davis, "is necessary in all things, and is perhaps one of the most useful and estimable qualities of life. It enables us to bear, without shrinking, the bitterest evils that can assail us. Without patience, philosophy would never have made those won-

derful discoveries that subjugate nature to our yoke."

"Fetch me some water," exclaimed Edric, "or he will expire before your eyes."

"It appears to me," said a labourer, who had been mending a steam digging-machine in a neighbouring field, and who now stood leaning upon his work, and looking on gravely at all that passed, without attempting to offer the least assistance;—"It appears to me that it would be highly improper to administer the aqueous fluid in its natural state of fridity, under the existing circumstances. The present suspension of animation under which Sir Ambrose labours, is evidently occasioned by want of circulation. Now, as it is the property of hot liquors, rather than cold ones, to supply the stimulant necessary for the reproduction of circulation, I opine that hot water would answer the purpose better than cold."

In the mean time Father Morris had brought some water from a neighbouring fountain, and throwing it on the patient's face, Sir Ambrose opened his eyes: for some moments he stared

wildly around him, but, as soon as he began to recollect what had passed, he implored Father Morris to give him his ardently desired letter.

“ You are not yet equal to reading it,” said Father Morris compassionately; “ I fear the exertion will be too much for you.”

“ Oh give it me ! give it me,” exclaimed the poor old man; “ if a spark of mercy remain in your soul, do not keep me in this agony !”

It was impossible to resist the tone of real anguish that accompanied these words, and Father Morris put the letter into his hands.— Sir Ambrose took it eagerly; though he trembled so, that he could scarcely break the seal. At last, he tore it open and gazed at its contents, but he could not read a word; he dashed away his tears, and rubbed his eyes impatiently—all was in vain—the writing was still illegible—“ Read ! read !” cried he, in a voice trembling with agitation, “ For Heaven’s sake read !—will no one have pity on me ?”

Father Morris took the letter, and read it aloud, whilst Sir Ambrose sate—his eyes raised to Heaven, his hands clasped together, and

the tears rolling down his aged cheeks, listening to his words, and drinking in every syllable. After giving a circumstantial account of the battle, and assuring his father that he had not been wounded, Edmund proceeded thus. "The Queen has written me a letter of approbation in her own hand, and has been graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring me with a triumphal entry into London; she has likewise conferred upon me letters of nobility. The goodness of my sovereign makes a deep impression upon my breast; but for the rest, I assure you that neither the applauses of the multitude, nor the privilege of writing Lord before my name, can afford a moment's satisfaction to a heart that pants only for the pleasure of seeing again those most dear to it; nor shall I enjoy my triumph unless those I love be present to give it zest."

"I congratulate you, my dear sir!" exclaimed Father Morris, as soon as he had finished; "I congratulate you from my inmost soul!"

"Go to his triumph!" exclaimed the duke, rubbing his hands in ecstasy; "Yes, yes, that

we will: won't we, my old friend? God bless him! I'm glad he is not hurt, though. And so you see, in spite of all his glory, he can't be happy without us. How prettily he says that! —'Not all the approbation of my sovereign, the praises of the people'—nor—nor—what is it? I don't remember the exact words, but I know the sense was, that he couldn't be happy without us, and, God bless him! I'm sure I'm as happy as he can be, at the thought of seeing him."

Sir Ambrose could not reply, but the tears ran down his aged cheeks like rain, as his heart breathed a silent offering of thanksgiving to the Almighty Being who had thus bestowed victory upon his son; and his lips murmured some inarticulate sounds of transport; whilst Elvira and Rosabella mingled their tears with his, for joy often becomes painful, and seeks for a relief like grief.

The party now slowly returned to the mansion of Sir Ambrose, so completely occupied in discussing Edmund's letter, as to be totally unaware that Edric had not accompanied them;

yet such was the case. The youthful philosopher's heart had swelled almost to bursting, as he had listened to the reading of his brother's letter, and he now rushed into a thick wood, shelving down to a romantic stream, which formed part of the pleasure-grounds of Sir Ambrose.

Almost without knowing where he was going, Edric plunged amongst the trees, and threw himself upon a grassy bank under their shade, upon the border of the rivulet. The gentle murmuring of the water, gave a delightful sense of refreshing coolness, particularly agreeable from the burning heat of the day ; and Edric lay, his eyes fixed upon the sparkling waves as they danced in the sunbeams, with both his hands pressed firmly upon his throbbing temples, endeavouring in vain to analyze the new and strange emotions that struggled for mastery in his bosom. By degrees he became more calm ; and though his heart still beat with feelings he could not quite explain, he felt soothed by the softly gliding streamlet ; and the stormy passions of his breast seemed lulled to tranquility

as one hand fell carelessly down by his side, and the other merely supported the head it no longer strained.

It was not envy that occasioned Edric's emotions; but shame and indignation burnt in his bosom when he recollected that he was wasting his days in comparative obscurity, whilst his brother, only a few years older than himself, was ennobling the name bequeathed to him by his ancestors.

“And cannot I also become famous?” thought he, his heart swelling with emulation. “Though I abhor the profession of a soldier are not other ways open to me of attaining eminence? Why should I not exert myself? I will remain in indolence no longer. I, too, will prove myself worthy of my forefathers, and show the world that the exalted blood of the Montagues has not degenerated in my veins!” His eyes sparkled with the thought, and he half raised himself, as though eager to put it into immediate execution. A moment's reflection, however, restored him to himself, and he could not help smiling at his own folly. “And

yet I call myself a philosopher," thought he : " Alas ! alas ! how little do we know ourselves, for after all, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is the only employment worthy of a man of sense : and the transitory applause of the multitude, it is beneath him to accept. Nature is the goddess I adore ; and if it should be granted to me to explore her secrets, I shall be the happiest of mankind. But why should I pass my life in anxious cravings never destined to be realized ? The events of to-day have only proved clearly the little value my society is of to my father : he is too much occupied with my brother to even think of me, and were I absent, I should soon be forgotten. Why then should I not travel and satisfy these restless wishes that gnaw at my heart and poison every pleasure ? I was not born to rest contented with the dull routine of domestic life, and I detest hypocrisy : I will seek my father ; and, explaining my real sentiments, set off for Egypt immediately."

Satisfied with this resolution, Edric rose and walked hastily towards his father's mansion,

with all that inward vigour which the consciousness of having made up one's mind is certain to bestow ; and which, perhaps, is one of the most agreeable sensations that can be experienced by the human mind, as that of suspense or indecision is undoubtedly one of the most unpleasant.

Edric found his father and the duke busily engaged in consulting upon their intended journey, which was an event in both their lives ; for as, since the universal adoption of balloons, journeys were performed without either trouble or expense, the rich had lost all inducement to undertake them, and it was rare for a man of rank to quit his family mansion unless he had some post at court.

“ I have a palace in London,” said the duke, “ which I hope you will make your home ; though it has been so long unused that I doubt whether it will be fit for your reception.”

“ Do not distress yourself about making arrangements for my family,” replied Sir Ambrose ; “ there will be only Edric and myself, and we can make shift with any thing.”

“ Indeed I shall not consent to any such arrangement,” said Elvira, who now entered the room with Rosabella and Clara Montagu, the orphan niece of the baronet, who had been brought up in his family; “ What has Clara done that she is to be excluded from the party ?”

“ Oh, Clara is too young to think of such things,” returned Sir Ambrose, smiling.

“ Not she,” cried the duke; “ I ’ll engage for it; are you my pretty rosebud ?” continued he, drawing the smiling, blushing girl to his knee. “ Shouldn’t you like to go to London, eh ?”

“ Oh, yes,” cried Clara, with all the eagerness and innocence of fifteen, for that was her age; “ very much indeed, if my uncle has no objection.”

“ My dear Sir Ambrose,” said Elvira, coaxingly, “ do pray indulge us.”

“ Well, well, we shall see,” replied the good-humoured baronet, smiling.

“ Thank you, thank you, my dear, dear uncle !” cried Clara, flying to him, and almost smothering him with kisses.

“ But I have not consented yet, you know.”

“No, but I'm sure you will, you look so good-natured.”

“Go, go, you are a little coaxing puss : but why did you not come home last night, Clara ?”

“My nurse was so ill, and it rained so : besides, you know, uncle, you gave me leave to stop, if I liked.”

“Well, well, I believe I did. It was of no great consequence ; you are always safe under the care of Mrs. Robson : she is a very respectable woman—I hope she's better ?”

“Oh, she'll soon be well now. I'm going to tell her of Edmund's victory ; and she said yesterday, if she could but hear that he had conquered, it would cure her, if she were dying.”

“Off with you, then,” said Sir Ambrose, laughing, “you are always on the wing ; and harkye, you may tell your nurse also, that you are going to London.”

Clara's delight and gratitude were unbounded, and she sprang away like a young fawn to tell her nurse the joyful news, while Elvira's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as she thanked Sir Ambrose warmly for his kindness.

The duke was also highly gratified. "You must bring Abelard and Davis also," said he, "for I'm sure you won't be happy without them."

Sir Ambrose owned he should not; and the duke, being like most people who lead dull, monotonous lives, quite delighted with an event that promised a little change, bustled off, followed by his fair companions, fully determined to make the most of it.

Edric's heart throbbed violently when he found himself alone with his father; the moment was arrived he had been so ardently wishing for, and yet he was silent. He had scarcely had patience to wait the end of his father's conference with the duke; and whilst it had lasted, he had been arranging and re-arranging a thousand times in his mind, the phrases he meant to make use of; yet now they seemed to have all vanished from his memory, and he stood gazing through the open window, his mind feeling a perfect chaos, and without being able to recollect one single word of what he had determined to say.

After continuing for some time in this state of irresolution, he was suddenly startled by his father's exclaiming, " Well, Edric, my dear boy, I am very glad I have an opportunity of speaking to you alone, as I have something of importance to communicate."

The voice of Sir Ambrose sounded harsh and abrupt in the ears of his son, and Edric felt incapable of uttering a single word in reply.

" What is the matter ?" cried Sir Ambrose, after a short pause ; " surely you are not ill ? Edric, my dear boy, do speak ; shall I send for Dr. Coleman ?"

" Oh, no, no !" cried Edric, faintly ; " I am not ill, I assure you."

" What is the matter, then ?" resumed Sir Ambrose, impatiently ; " Perhaps, you want some new philosophical instrument, and you don't like to ask for it, because you know the low state of my finances. But don't distress yourself on that account, for you are going to marry a rich wife, and then you can indulge yourself with any thing you like."

" Marry !" cried Edric, in alarm.

“Yes,” returned his father, “the duke has just most generously proposed that you shall marry Rosabella; and that he will give her a fortune equal to what he gives Elvira.”

“But I do not love Rosabella, and nothing shall induce me to marry her: I should be utterly miserable even to think of it.”

“Not marry Rosabella!” exclaimed Sir Ambrose, in the utmost astonishment.

“Indeed, I cannot. I am convinced she would make me wretched, for our tempers don’t assimilate, and we should both be miserable. I should be very sorry to cause either you or the duke a moment’s uneasiness. But in an affair like this, which concerns the happiness of my whole life.—”

“Don’t talk to me, Sir,” cried Sir Ambrose, in a violent passion, “I won’t here a word, Sir—not a syllable: *my* son shall obey *my* orders. Go to your room, Sir, and prepare to marry Rosabella immediately, or never expect to see my face again.”

“My dear father!” said Edric, attempting to take Sir Ambrose’s hand.

“Away, Sir!” cried the baronet, shaking him off; “obedience far outweighs words. If I *am* your *dear* father, you will act in compliance with my wishes; and if you do not, it is a mockery to call me ‘dear.’”

“I cannot marry Rosabella!”

“Was ever such obstinacy!—such folly! The world will think you distracted.”

“I care not for the world!” cried Edric, impatiently.

“But you must care for the world—the world must not be slighted! and as long as you live in it, you must conform to its opinions. I don’t like to hear people say they don’t care for the world; when people pretend to scorn it, it is generally because they have done something to make it scorn them.”

“But, my dear father! you would not wish me to sacrifice my conscience to its dictates.”

“And pray, Sir, what has your conscience to do with the matter in question?”

“Should I not sacrifice it by marrying a woman I feel I could never love? In my opinion, nothing can be more sacred than the marriage

vow; and with what feelings could I enter into this solemn engagement in the presence of Almighty God, calling upon him to witness it, when I knew my heart was at variance with my words? My soul would recoil with horror at such blasphemy.”

“You talk about your conscience, Edric,—but should you not rather say your inclinations? The person of Rosabella does not please your fancy, I suppose; and to gratify a capricious whim, you would destroy the happiness of your father, and ruin your own prospects for ever.”

“It is not of the person of Rosabella that I complain; I allow her to be beautiful as a Venus, and that her talents even exceed her personal charms: but when I see her dark eyes flashing fury, and her lips curved into an expression of pride, hatred, or scorn, I forget her beauty, and think only of the fearful passions of her soul.”

“Your objections are futile, Edric; at any rate, they are of no avail. You must marry her—I am sorry it is against your inclination,

but I will not have my authority disputed:— however, as I have always been an indulgent father, I do not wish you to decide hastily, and I give you four-and-twenty hours to make up your mind: at the expiration of which time you shall marry Rosabella or quit my house for ever. No reply, young man; I won't hear a word."

It was in vain to attempt a reply; and Edric left his father's presence oppressed by that strange, mysterious presentiment of evil, which, like a fearful cloud, dark, gloomy, and impenetrable, sometimes hangs upon our thoughts, foreboding horrors; though so dimly and indistinctly, that, like the gigantic phantoms we sometimes fancy through the mist of twilight, their terrors seemed increased tenfold by the very uncertainty that half shrouds them from our sight. Mingled with these feelings, was one of wild, unearthly joy. Driven from his father's house, he would be free to travel—his doubts might be satisfied—he might, at last, penetrate into the secrets of the grave; and partake, without restraint, of the so ardently

desired fruit of the tree of knowledge. Nothing would then be hidden from him. Nature would be forced to yield up her treasures to his view—her mysteries would be revealed, and he would become great, omniscient, and god-like. His mind filled with a chaos of thoughts like these, which he strove in vain to arrange, and which seemed to swell his brain almost to bursting, Edric sought the study of Dr. Entwerfen to inform his worthy tutor of the change a few short hours had wrought in his destiny.

CHAPTER V.

“WHY did not you join with your cousin in inviting Clara Montagu to go with us to London?” said the Duke to Rosabella, as their balloon proceeded homewards.

“I thought the humility of my situation rendered it improper,” returned Rosabella, with an affected air of modesty. “It surely would be wrong for a poor dependant like myself, to take the liberty of inviting guests to the house of her patron.”

“Rosabella! you know I can’t bear to hear you talk so ridiculously—I hate to hear of your dependant situation, and humility, and nonsense; we all know that you are not humble, you are as proud as Lucifer; and as to dependance, I

never make any distinction between you and Elvira. You are my daughters whilst I live, and shall be my heiresses when I die—aye, and perhaps before I die, but you'll see."

"I am sure my cousin did not mean to offend you, Sir," said Elvira; "She loves you tenderly, and——"

"*Apropos de bottes!*" exclaimed the Duke, "what letter was that which I saw you receive this morning?"

"It was from Edmund," replied Elvira trembling and blushing, as she drew it from her bosom, and gave it to her father.

In case of Claudia's death, Elvira and Rosabella were the next heiresses to the throne; and as neither had attained the age which would prevent their being eligible candidates, they had not the least idea the duke would wish them to marry until after that period. Thus both earnestly regarded the duke as he perused the epistle, which Elvira knew, and Rosabella suspected, breathed only love; and both expected a torrent of rage when he had concluded it. To their infinite surprise however, he folded it up, and putting it into

his pocket, merely told Elvira, that he wished a private conference with her in his library, as soon as they reached home. Poor Elvira turned pale at the mention of the library: for when aught went wrong in the duke's household, it was there he was accustomed to lecture the unfortunate offender, and there Elvira herself had often trembled in her childhood; in short, the place was associated in her mind with only disagreeable recollections, and anticipating nothing pleasant connected with it, she sat completely absorbed in a gloomy silence.

Rosabella seemed equally disinclined for conversation. Though the conduct of her uncle was quite different from what she had expected, her active mind had already suggested a thousand explanations for it, each less consonant to her judgment than her wishes. "His letter must have been one of mere friendship—and it is possible that he does not love her," thought she; whilst, as the idea flashed across her mind she turned eagerly to Elvira, to read its confirmation in her countenance:—but, alas! those timid, downcast looks—and those glowing

cheeks, told but too plainly a tale that drove Rosabella to distraction. Scarcely had the balloon stopped when she sprang from the car, and rushed to her own room in a state little short of madness, whilst Elvira, with a beating heart followed her father to the library.

Rosabella was met at the entrance to her apartments by her favourite attendant, Marianne, who had lived with her from her childhood, and who governed her with despotic sway. It is strange, but the most haughty people are generally the most submissive slaves to those who have acquired power over them, and the proud-spirited female who would spurn indignantly all control from her titled relatives, will obey implicitly — nay, almost servilely, the wishes of a favourite servant. Thus it was with Rosabella. Marianne was perfectly aware of her power, and she occasionally used it tyrannically, but on the present occasion she was really alarmed at the glowing cheeks, flashing eyes, and agitated frame of Rosabella, and asked with an appearance of deep interest, if she were ill.

Rosabella did not speak, but throwing herself upon a sofa, hid her face in both her hands.

“What *is* the matter?” asked Marianne, gazing at her with astonishment.

“He loves her! he adores her!” cried Rosabella, starting from her couch and traversing the room rapidly. “Curse on her beauty! Oh that a look of mine could wither it! or that she could feel the burning fire that rages here!” Then stopping suddenly, she gazed upon her attendant with the wildness of a maniac, and, pressing her hand firmly against her side, threw herself again upon her couch, exclaiming, “Oh, Marianne! why am I not beloved like Elvira?”

“And are you certain that she is beloved?”

“Certain!” reiterated Rosabella, wringing her hands; “Alas! alas! would I were not so certain; but can I doubt the evidence of my senses? This day—this very day! she has received a letter from him. I saw a blush of conscious pleasure glow upon her cheeks, and I

could have stabbed her to the heart,—yes, and exulted in her dying agonies—triumphed in her groans. Oh, Marianne! is it not extraordinary that one so great, so noble, and so exalted as Edmund, can love such a poor, weak, feeble being as Elvira? But she loves him not; at least not as he should be loved. She is incapable of it.”

“ I think she is—and that though he now admires her beauty, yet, when he discovers the feebleness of her soul, he must despise her.”

“ But he is so blinded that he fancies her very faults perfections.”

“ That blindness cannot continue. When Edmund knew Elvira, he had seen nothing of the world; and people thus situated, who have warm imaginations, generally amuse themselves by conjuring up an idol of perfection to which they attach all kinds of merit, probable or improbable. They invest the first face or figure that takes their fancy, with these imagined charms, no matter whether they accord or not, and then fall in love with the image they have created—whilst the delusion under which they

labour, makes them see every action of the beloved object under a false light; just as people wearing green spectacles fancy the whole creation tinged with emerald. Intercourse with the world dispels these visions, and when Edmund returns he will be as one awakening from a dream: he will look in vain for the charms which once bewitched him."

"Oh, that you may be right! but yet I fear —"

"Fear nothing—Edmund will return quite changed. Though in reality he has been absent only a few months, he will have acquired more knowledge of the world, than in all his previous life. He will now know himself, and will feel that he wants a companion in a wife: one that can enter into his views, participate in his wishes, and if necessary, aid him in his plans. Then will he be able to properly estimate your character, and despising the feeble Elvira, he will lay his heart and hand humbly at your feet."

"Alas! alas! were even this flattering vision realised, it would be then too late."

“ Too late ! what mean you ? ”

“ That even now Elvira is confessing his attachment to her father, and, perhaps—oh, there is madness in the thought !—even at this moment she may be receiving his approval.”

“ Then we are lost,” said Marianne, and a pause ensued, interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of Rosabella, who wrung her hands and wept aloud in the bitterest agony.

“ But are you sure you have not deceived yourself ? ” resumed the confidant ; “ your jealousy may have given weight to trifles not worthy of serious attention.”

“ The Duke asked her if she had heard from him, and she gave him Edmund’s letter. My uncle read it calmly, and when he had finished desired her to attend him to his library.”

“ I confess this does not look well,” said Marianne, and another long pause ensued, which was broken by the sound of rapid footsteps, and in an instant Elvira rushed into the apartment with a face radiant with joy.

“ Oh, my dear cousin,” cried she, “ my father is so kind ! so good ! I have told him

every thing, and he is not in the least angry. He has given his consent, and all is settled. I am to marry Edmund, and you Edric, and——”

“ I marry Edric !” exclaimed Rosabella, the crimson flush of anger darkening over her fine features, and proud scorn curling her beautiful lips; “ I marry that feeble inanimate wretch ! When we meet, and he offers his hand to greet me, his very touch seems to freeze my veins. Cold, prudent, and calculating, he has all the vices of age without its excuses. And shall I marry such a being ? No, if all other resources fail, death shall free me before the hated moment arrives !” and starting from her couch, she paced the room in violent agitation.

“ My dear Rosabella,” said Elvira following, and trying to soothe her, “ do pray compose yourself. Consider my father—how angry he would be if he were to hear you ! He is so positive he might—” Here Elvira stopped, her delicacy making her averse to remind her cousin how completely she was in the duke’s power.

“Go on,” cried Rosabella, tauntingly; “I know what you would say. Upbraid me with my meanness—trample upon me—spurn me—do not even spare the memory of my poor dear father;—I am prepared for every thing; I know the worst; I know that my uncle is positive, and that I am a poor dependant, subsisting upon his bounty, and that it is in his power to turn me this instant from his door, without a shilling to procure me food or shelter. But not even this shall control my will. Poor and dependant as I am, I am free; and I would sooner labour in the meanest servitude, beg my bread, or even perish for want, than reside in a palace surrounded by crowds of adoring slaves, if the price were that I must call Edric husband.”

“My dear mistress,” exclaimed Marianne, soothingly, “you are too violent.”

“I am very much hurt, Rosabella,” said Elvira, “to find you think me capable of saying any thing intentionally to wound your feelings. As to your unhappy father, you must be aware I know his history only vaguely, as it

is a subject to which the duke never suffers any one to allude; and I assure you he was not even in my thoughts when I spoke——”

“ Oh !” cried Rosabella, clasping her hands together energetically as she spoke; “ Oh ! that it were but permitted to me to clear my father’s name from the shade that hangs over it. I know, I feel, that he cannot have been guilty ! He must have been the victim of slander; of vile contrivance or malice of plots raised against him by those who envied his fair fame. Oh, that I knew the facts, and could clear him from all blame ! By heaven ! neither the gratification of my love, nor any revenge, could afford me half the pleasure !”

“ You use strange language, Rosabella,” said Elvira, blushing at her cousin’s warmth; “ I own I cannot comprehend such violent feelings. Thank God ! nature formed mine in a more temperate mould.”

“ Your feelings !” cried Rosabella, scornfully; “ you have none—you cannot even fancy them—you are incapable of love !”

“ There you do me injustice,” replied Elvira;

“such passions as yours I am indeed incapable of feeling—but love; real, pure, undefiled love; that absorbing affection which prefers another’s happiness to its own; that devotion which would sink unknown to the grave, to procure another’s happiness; that seeks not its own gratification, but would sacrifice all the world can give, to promote the welfare of another; that can taste of no pleasure and partake of no delight, unless it be participated by the beloved object, and even then, joys in his satisfaction more than in its own; this I *can* feel; my heart tells me that I can, and this, I hope, I shall in time feel for Edmund.”

“Then you own you do not love him yet?” asked Rosabella, with a bitter smile.

“I fear I do not,” returned Elvira, sighing, “at least not as he should be loved. But,” continued she, after a short pause, “perhaps my ideas of love are foolish and romantic, and I shall in time become more reasonable.”

A smile of contempt was Rosabella’s only answer, when their conference was interrupted by a summons for them both to attend the

duke. They obeyed in silence, and found him sitting in his library, with Father Morris standing beside his chair.

“Of course, Elvira has told you what I mean to do for you?” said the duke, addressing Rosabella.

“Yes! my lord, she has,” returned Rosabella with dignity.

“Well, and what do you say to it?”

“I thought your Grace did not intend either my cousin, or myself to marry, till we were past the age fixed by the late Queen?”

“Pooh! nonsense; you neither of you have the least chance of ascending the throne. Claudia is not thirty: and she is likely to live these fifty years.”

Rosabella did not speak, but the colour fled from her cheeks, and her eyes were cast upon the ground, whilst her strongly compressed lips showed that it was with infinite difficulty that she controlled her feelings sufficiently to hear her uncle with patience.

“In short,” continued the duke, “I have made up my mind that you shall both marry;

and as Edmund it seems has fixed upon Elvira, I think I cannot do better than to give you to his younger brother."

"And do you know of whom you are disposing so unceremoniously?" asked Rosabella, raising her brilliant eyes from the ground, and fixing them upon him with a look of proud scorn. The duke shrunk involuntarily from the withering glance, which seemed to fall upon him with the fabled power of that of the basilisk.

"Of whom I am disposing?" stammered he, unconsciously repeating her words, "Of whom I am disposing? Why, of my niece, to be sure," he continued, arranging with difficulty his scattered ideas. "You are my niece, are you not?"

"Yes, returned Rosabella, "unfortunately I *am* your niece; and I blush for an uncle who does not scruple to abuse so barbarously the last legacy bequeathed to him by an unfortunate brother. Yes, my lord duke, I am your niece—your protégée—your dependant. I am not ashamed to own that I owe my daily bread

to your bounty ; but notwithstanding all this, I am not aware that I am your slave, nor do I think the pecuniary obligations I am under to you sufficient to give you the right of disposing of me as an article of furniture, or a beast of burthen."

"You mistake the matter entirely, Rosabella," said the duke ; "I do not wish to hurt your feelings."

"Do you think, then, that I am formed of stone or iron, that I am to be told to marry when and where you list, without having my inclinations consulted or my affections gained ? I am not so quiescent. Were my poor father alive you would not treat me thus."

"Beware, Rosabella, you tread on dangerous ground !" said the duke, violently agitated.

"Alas ! alas !" cried Rosabella, wringing her hands, "why am I treated thus ? Have I no friend to take my part ? Will no one interpose to save me from destruction ? Oh that my poor father were alive !—he, at least, would pity his unhappy daughter. Father Morris, *you* have always professed to love me. I have been told

you were my father's friend. Can you stand and see me thus cruelly oppressed, and not proffer one single word in my behalf? I appeal to you as a friend, as a christian, as a man."

Father Morris made no answer to this appeal, but his lips turned of a livid paleness, and uttering a low groan, he sank into a chair, hiding his face in his hands, whilst every nerve quivering with agitation.

"Go to your chamber, Rosabella," said the duke, in a trembling voice, "and when you have learnt to express yourself more temperately towards one who has been your only friend and benefactor, perhaps I may send for you again."

Rosabella attempted to speak, but the duke sternly forbade her. "Go," said he, "your ignorance of your real situation may now plead in excuse for your conduct. But the time will shortly come when you will shudder at your folly, and wonder at my present forbearance."

Awed by his manner, and the mysterious

emotion of Father Morris, Rosabella withdrew in silence, followed by Elvira, and each retired to her separate chamber, to muse in solitude upon the strange events which had occurred during the day.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Edric left his father to seek Dr. Entwerfen, he encountered Father Morris in the way; and so absorbed was he in his own meditations that he had almost passed the reverend father without seeing him.

“ This is quite *en philosophe*,” said the priest with a smile, as he intercepted his pupil’s path. “ What is the matter, Edric? I did not think King Cheops himself could have made you so soon forget your old friends.”

“ Indeed I had not forgotten you, for I was thinking of you that very moment. Do you really think it possible, that if I went to Egypt, I might succeed in resuscitating a mummy?”

“ I do not doubt it. The ancient Egyptians

you know, believed that the souls of their mummies were chained to them in a torpid state till the final day of judgment, and supposing this hypothesis to be correct, there is every reason to imagine that by employing so powerful an agent as galvanism, re-animation may be produced."

"If I recollect rightly, the ancient Egyptians did not imagine the souls of their dead remained in their bodies, but that they would return to them at the expiration of three thousand years."

"And it is now about three thousand years since Cheops was entombed."

"It is strange," continued Edric, musing, "what influence your words have upon my mind: whilst I listen to you, the racking desire I feel to explore these mysteries becomes almost torture; and I muse upon it till I fancy it an impulse from a superior power, and that I am really selected to be the mortal agent of their revelation to man."

"And why may not this impulse, which seems to operate with such irresistible force

upon your mind, and which you *say you fancy*, be a real feeling implanted in you by the Divine Author of your being, to guide you to a country where you are destined to attain immortality? Egypt is rich in monuments of antiquity; and all historians unite in declaring her ancient inhabitants to have possessed knowledge and science far beyond even the boasted improvements of modern times. For instance, could we attempt to erect stupendous buildings like the pyramids, where enormous masses are arranged with geometrical accuracy, and the labours of man have emulated the everlasting durability of nature? Are we even capable of conceiving works so majestic as those they put in execution? We assuredly are not; and in every point, excepting in their religion, they surpassed us."

"And though," returned Edric, "every scheme of religion falls infinitely below the divine perfection of Christianity; yet as Christianity was not revealed in the times we are speaking of, it cannot be denied that the Egyptians made some approach to wisdom even in

their devotions. They worshipped Nature, though they disguised her under the symbols of her attributes, and gratified the vulgar taste by giving them tangible objects to represent ideas too sublime for their unenlightened comprehension. That they entertained the divine idea of a resurrection, and of rewards and punishment in a future life, is evident, not only from their favourite fable of the Phoenix, and the use they made of the now hackneyed image of the Butterfly; but by the care they bestowed upon the preservation of the body; their mournings for the loss of Osiris, and rejoicings when he was found; and the kind of trial to which they subjected the human corpse after death, when, if serious crimes were alleged, and proved against it, it was denied the rites of sepulture, and left to decay unlamented. Then, can any modern institutions excel the wisdom of the laws enacted by the Pharaohs? or can any modern magnificence equal that displayed in the cities of Memphis and Thebes? And since this will hardly be disputed, what country can be more fitting than

that once so highly favoured, to be the scene of the most important discovery ever made by Man?"

"I perfectly agree with you," replied Father Morris; "and only wonder, with these impressions upon your mind, that you can hesitate an instant about undertaking your voyage to Egypt."

"Alas! I have no longer any occasion to hesitate!"

"What do you mean?"

"My father has just ordered me to quit his house immediately, unless I marry Rosabella; and *that* no tortures shall ever induce me to do—for I hate her!"

"Then the duke has spoken," said Father Morris, gloomily; "I thought this success of Edmund's would open his lips; but," continued he, addressing Edric, "I think you ought to rejoice at such a circumstance, as your principal objection to visiting the pyramids, was the difficulty of getting your father to consent to such an expedition; that objection, at least, is now removed."

“But how removed, Father Morris? Think you, that I could bear to leave England, perhaps for ever, and upon an expedition so awful in its tendency and consequences, whilst labouring under a father’s curse? I cannot do it. I must again see my father, and obtain his forgiveness before I go.”

“You are then prepared to comply with his wishes?”

“Never! I have before told you, no force shall compel me to marry Rosabella!”

“And do you imagine Sir Ambrose will relinquish his project so easily? Is it not more probable that your opposition will only increase his determination; and that another interview, if you still refuse to obey his commands, may provoke the curse you now seem to dread?”

“What shall I do then? For in my present state of mind, life is a burthen to me;—my brain feels bewildered.”

“Go to Dr. Entwerfen’s study, and remain there concealed for the present, till the effervescence of your father’s rage shall have evaporated. My duty now calls me to my patron,

but I shall soon return; I will then see your father, and perhaps a conversation with me may bring him to reason."

"I trust my cause in your hands, father," said Edric "and may your eloquence bring it to a happy issue."

"You may depend upon me," rejoined the reverend father; "I feel deeply interested in the business:" and they parted, Edric proceeding to seek his tutor, and Father Morris returning to the house of the Duke of Cornwall.

When Edric entered the study of Dr. Entwerfen, he found him engaged in what, considering his age and station, seemed a very extraordinary amusement. He was apparently dancing a hornpipe, drawing his heels together, and alternately rising and sinking like a clown in a pantomime, twisting his face, in the mean time, into the most hideous grimaces.

"What is the matter?" cried Edric, gazing at him with surprise.

"I—I—I am galvanized," cried the doctor, in a piteous tone; nodding his head with a sudden jerk; that seemed to threaten every instant to

throw it out of its socket; and then, suddenly starting, he kicked out one leg horizontally, and twirled round upon the other with an air of an opera dancer.

“How did it happen?” cried Edric, excessively shocked at the unnatural contrast exhibited between the doctor’s serious countenance, and involuntary antics.

“I can’t—exactly—tell,” replied the doctor, bolting forth his words with difficulty, and still swimming, grinning, and capering, to the inexpressible horror of his companion, till by degrees his grimaces subsided, and he was enabled at last to stand tolerably steady. He now informed his pupil, that trying some experiments with his galvanic battery, he had unfortunately operated upon himself; and in his turn listened to the account of what had passed between Edric and Sir Ambrose. Instead of expressing sorrow, however, when he found his pupil had quarrelled with his father, the doctor’s eyes sparkled with joy—“Then you must inevitably travel,” exclaimed he. “We shall visit

the pyramids, we shall animate the mummies, and we shall attain immortality."

"No! I cannot leave England without being reconciled to my father: he is old, and I may never see him again; I could not bear to part from him in anger."

"But consider the object you have in view; and the countries you will visit: all the English travel. I never knew a young Englishman in my life who was not fond of it. The inhabitants of other countries journey for what they can get, or what they hope to learn; but an Englishman travels because he does not know what to do with himself. He spares neither time, trouble, nor money; he goes every where, sees every thing; after which, he returns—just as wise as when he set out. Not that I blame curiosity—no—I admire it above all things!—it is that which has led to all the great discoveries that have been made since the creation of the world, and it is that which now impels us to explore the pyramids."

Edric looked annoyed at the conclusion of

this speech, and, to change the subject, asked the doctor, if he thought his galvanic battery powerful enough for the experiment they meant to try with it.

“Powerful!” exclaimed the doctor; “why I feel it even now tingling to my fingers’ ends. I should think, Sir, the effect it has had upon me is a sufficient proof of the force of the machine.”

“If we *do* go,” said Edric, apparently pursuing the thread of his own reflections, “I should feel inclined to visit other countries besides Egypt.”

“And so should I.—I should like particularly to see India, for some black-letter pamphlets in my possession, allude to its being once governed by an old woman; and as the regular historians make no mention of the fact, I should like to see what traditions I could gather respecting it on the spot. The religion of the ancient Hindoos, before they were converted to Christianity, has been said to have resembled that of the ancient Egyptians; by comparing the

monuments of both, one might be made to illustrate the other. I should also like, before we quit Africa, to see the celebrated court of Timbuctoo. I have long been in correspondence with a learned pundit there, who has communicated to me some of the most sublime discoveries.

“The whole of the interior of Africa must be interesting, particularly the rising states on the banks of the Niger. It is generally instructing as well as amusing to watch the birth and struggles of infant republics; and to remark first how fast the people encroach, and then the governors. Whilst the rulers are weak, they are always liberal; but their exalted sentiments in general decrease in exact proportion as they become powerful.

“In short,” resumed the doctor, “I would willingly traverse the whole world; I know but one country that I should dislike to visit.”

“And which is that?” asked Edric.

“America. I have no wish to have my throat cut, or my breath stopped by a bowstring. I

have a perfect horror of despotic governments."

"Then how do you endure the one we live under?"

"The case is quite different. With us, the spur of despotism is scarcely felt; and the people, being permitted occasionally to think and act for themselves, are not debased and brutalized as the slaves of absolute power are in general. Despotism, with us, is like a rod which the schoolmaster keeps hung up in sight of his boys, but which he has very seldom any occasion to make use of. From such despotism as that of the Americans, however, Heaven defend us!"

"Amen! For, as we are happy now, we should be idiots to desire a change."

"What an unphilosophical sentiment!" exclaimed the doctor: "I am really quite shocked that you, Edric, should utter such a speech. What an abominable doctrine! Remember, that if you once allow innovation to be dangerous, you instantly put a stop to all improvement—you absolutely shut and bolt your doors against it. Oh! it is horrible, that such a doc-

trine should be ever broached in a civilized country. You surely could not be aware of what you were saying?"

"Perhaps I was not: for I own candidly I scarcely do know what I am doing!"

"To amuse you then, I will give you a treat. I will show you a curious collection of ballads, all of which are at least three hundred years old, which a friend of mine picked up in London for me the other day, and sent me down this morning by the stage-balloon. They are all of the genuine rag paper, a certain proof of their antiquity; for, you know, the asbestos paper we now use has not been invented more than two hundred years. But you shall see them: follow me."

So saying, the doctor trotted off to his library, that paradise of half-forgotten volumes, most of which had been accidentally saved from their well-merited destination of covering over butter, and wrapping up cheese, to be drawn from the dust and obscurity in which they had lain for centuries, to ornament the shelves of Doctor Entwerfen; and whose au-

thors, if they could have taken a peep upon earth, and beheld them, would have been quite astonished to find themselves immortal. Entering this emporium of neglected learning, the doctor hastily advanced to a table, on which lay his newly acquired treasures, and holding them up, exclaimed, "Look, Edric, how beautifully dirty the paper is; no art could counterfeit this dingy hue. This sooty tinge is the genuine tint of antiquity. You know, Edric, in ancient times, the caloric employed in culinary purposes, and indeed for all the common usages of life, was produced by the combustion of wood, and of a black bituminous substance, or amphilites, drawn from the bowels of the earth, called coal, of which you may yet see specimens in the cabinets of the curious. As these substances decomposed, or rather expanded, by the force of heat, the attraction of cohesion was dissolved, and the component parts flew off in the shape of smoke or soot. This smoke, rising into the air, was dispersed by it, and the minute particles, or atoms, of which it was composed, falling and resting upon every thing that chanced

to be in their way, produced that incomparable dusky hue, which the moderns have so often tried, though in vain, to imitate. I beg your pardon, Edric, for using such vulgar language to express what I wished to say, but really, treating upon such a subject, I did not know how to explain myself elegantly."

"Oh! I understood you very well, Sir. After all, the only true use of language is to convey the ideas of one person to the understanding of another; and, provided that end be attained, I really do not see that it is of any consequence what words we make use of."

"True, Edric dear! you make very just observations sometimes. Well, but the ballads; I was going to show you my treasures,—my jewels! as the Roman lady said of her children. Look what beautiful specimens these are! A little torn here and there, and with a few of the lines illegible—but genuine antiques. I'll warrant every one of them above three hundred years old. Look, it is real linen paper; you may tell it by the texture; and then the spelling, see what a number of letters they put into

their words that were of no use. Look at the titles of them. Here is the 'Tragical end of poor Miss Bailey'—and here 'Cherry Ripe'—and 'I've been roaming.' Here is 'The loves of Captain Wattle and Miss Roe'—and here are 'Jessy the flower of Dumblane,' and 'Dunois the brave.' But this is my Phoenix—here is what will be the envy of collectors! here is my invaluable treasure! This, I believe, is absolutely unique, and that I am so blest as to possess the only copy extant. The date is wanting, but the manners it describes are so unpolished, that I should almost think it might be traced back to the times of the aboriginal Britons.— Thus it begins :—

At Wednesbury there was a cocking,
 A match between Newton and Scroggins;
 The nailors and colliers left work,
 And to Spittle's they all went jogging.
 Tol de rol lol.'

I used to be very much puzzled at this burthen, which is one of frequent recurrence in ancient songs. At first, I thought it a relic of

some language now irrevocably lost. Then it struck me, it might be an invocation to the deities of the aborigines. In short, I was quite perplexed, and knew not what to think, when a learned friend of mine hit upon an idea the other day, which seems completely to solve the difficulty. He suggests that it was an ancient manner of running up and down the scale; and that 'Tol de rol lol' had the same signification as 'Do re mi fa;'—which solution is at once so simple and ingenious, that I am sure you, as well as myself, must be struck by it. I here omit a few stanzas, in which the author enumerates his heroes exactly in the Homeric manner. The names are so barbarous, that I am afraid of loosening my teeth in pronouncing them:—

' There was plenty of beef at the dinner,
Of a bull that was baited to death :
Bunny Hyde got a lump in his throat,
Which had like to have stopt his breath.'

What a beautiful simplicity there is in that last line,

' Which had like to have stopt his breath.'

Oh, we moderns have nothing equal to it!—

‘ The company fell in confusion,
To see this poor Bunny Hyde choke,
So they hurried him down to the kitchen,
And held his head over the smoke.’

This developes a curious practice of antiquity. You know, Edric, I explained to you just now the manner in which combustion was formerly effected, and the causes of the production of what was called smoke. I own, however, it seems a strange way of reviving a half-suffocated man, to hold his head over smoke, which, being loaded, as I said before, with innumerable atoms of all sorts and sizes, would, one might think, be more likely to impede respiration than restore it. The fact, however, is undoubted; and it not only affords a curious illustration of the manner of the ancients, but is of itself a strong proof of the authenticity of the ballad; for such an idea never could have entered the head of a modern. To return to poor Hyde—

' One gave him a kick o' th' stomach,
 And another a thump o' th' brow.
 His wife cried throw him i' th' stable,
 And he will be better just now.'

This unfeeling conduct of his wife does not say much in commendation of the ladies of those times. Here follows an hiatus of several stanzas: I find, however, by a word or two here and there, that they celebrated the exploits of two gallic heroes:—

' The best i' th' country bred;
 The one was a brassy-wing black,
 And the other a dusky-wing'd red.'

These unfortunate victims of the cruelty of man seem both to have perished. There is a stanza, however, before this catastrophe, which seems to relate to the combat.

' The conflict was hard upon each,
 Till glossy-wing'd blacky was choked,
 The colliers were nationally vex'd,
 And the nailers were all provoked.'

This passage seems very obscure: 'Nationally'

is evidently a sign of comparison, but I cannot say I ever saw it employed before. It is, however, another proof of the amazing antiquity of the ballad. After this, it appears that the people broke in upon the ring, and both cocks were crushed to atoms. I don't know whether you are acquainted with the manner in which these gallic combats were conducted, Edric. A kind of amphitheatre was formed, upon which the birds were pitted one against the other, whence the name cock-pit. The combatants were armed with large iron spurs, and the victor generally left his rival dead upon the field. The ballad proceeds:—

‘ The cock-pit was near to the church,
As an ornament to the town ;
One side was an old coal-pit,
And the other was well gorsed round.’

Gorse was a kind of heath or furze.

‘ Peter Hadley peep'd through the gorse,
In order to see the cocks fight ;
Spittle jobb'd his eye out with a fork,
And said, ‘ Blast you, it sarves you right !’

This is very spirited and expressive, though the false quantities render it difficult to read.

' Some folks may think this is strange,
Who Wednesbury never knew,
But those who have ever been there,
Won't have the least doubt but it's true.

For they are all savage by nature,
And guilty of deeds that are shocking,
Jack Baker he whack'd his own feyther,
And so ended the Wednesbury cocking.'"

"It is very fine certainly," said Edric, who was half asleep.

"Upon my word," returned the doctor, "I don't think you have heard a single word I have been saying."

"Oh! yes, I have," replied Edric, "every syllable. It was about a man killing his own father, and putting his eyes out with a fork."

"Eh!" cried the doctor, somewhat annoyed at this unequivocal proof that though his words might have struck upon the auricular organs of his pupil, they had not reached his brains. The exclamation of the doctor restored Edric to his senses, and he began to apologize.

“I am really very sorry,” said he, “but you must excuse my inattention. Sometimes, you know, the mind is not in tune for literary discussions, even when proceeding from the most eloquent lips. This is my case at the present moment. My mind is so occupied by the important change that has just taken place in my affairs, that, I own, even your learning and eloquence were thrown away upon me.”

“If that be the state of your mind,” replied the doctor, with chagrin, “it is of no use to show you any more of my literary treasures; else I have some of matchless excellence. Here is a letter addressed to Sheridan, a witty writer of comedies, in the eighteenth century, which has never been opened,—and here is a tailor’s bill of the immortal Byron, which may possibly never have been looked at. But here is the most inestimable of my relics. Look, at least, at this. This piece of paper, covered carelessly with irregular strokes and lines, was once in the possession of that enchanting, that inimitable novelist of the nineteenth century, generally distinguished in the works of contemporary

writers by the mysterious title of 'The Great Unknown!' See, here is half the word 'Waverley,' written upon it, and doubtless all these other irregular marks and scratches proceeded directly from his pen. I confess, Edric, I never contemplate this relic of genius without a feeling of reverence, and almost of awe. 'Perhaps,' say I to myself, when I look at it, 'when these letters were formed, the first idea had but just arisen in the mind of the author of those immortal works, which were afterwards destined to improve and delight mankind. Perhaps, at that very moment gigantic thoughts were rushing through his brain, and a variety of new ideas opening their treasures to his imagination.' Oh, there is something in the mere random stroke of the pen of a celebrated character, inexpressibly affecting to the mind;—it carries one back to the very time when he lived—it seems to make one acquainted with him, and to let us into the secrets of his inmost thoughts. But I see you are not attending to me, Edric!"

"I am very sorry—another time I should be

happy—but now—I cannot. However, when we return, perhaps—”

“It may be then too late,” said the doctor, with solemnity; and locking up his cabinet, he led the way back to his common sitting-room, in high dudgeon.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Father Morris had left Edric, he proceeded to the house of the Duke of Cornwall, intending to return to that of Sir Ambrose almost immediately ; but the scene which took place between the duke and his niece, altered his determination. It is not in the power of language to describe the agony of Father Morris at the appeal of Rosabella. She had accidentally touched upon a chord that thrilled through every nerve, and almost drove him to madness. The duke, after attempting in vain to console him, retired, leaving him a prey to the bitterest torments ; for, like the votaries of Eblis, he felt unquenchable fire burning in his bosom, and like them, he sought in vain to

escape. He was roused from this state of unutterable anguish, by a summons from Sir Ambrose to attend him instantly, and with a heavy heart he obeyed.

Repenting the sins he had committed, yet meditating more, Father Morris endeavoured, as he slowly retraced his steps to Sir Ambrose's mansion, to soothe his feelings, by dwelling upon the good he meant to do when he should attain power, rather than on the means by which that power was to be obtained : for it is a remarkable fact, that no man likes to appear a villain to himself ; and even when his crimes escape the eyes of the world, he is not satisfied, unless he can frame plausible excuses for them in his own mind : though it is true that these excuses would not bear strict examination ; as self-love is an able sophist, and slight reasons look brilliant when set off by such colouring.

Nearly reconciled to himself by arguments, the fallacy of which he would have been the first to detect, if they had been offered by another, Father Morris entered the house of Sir Ambrose with his usual calm smile ; but his

equanimity was almost again upset, when he found Dr. Coleman, a highly respectable physician in the neighbourhood, already closeted with the worthy baronet. Father Morris hated Dr. Coleman, it would perhaps be difficult to say why; unless it was that the priest, feeling conscious his designs would not bear exposure, shrank from the penetrating eye of the physician, whose natural shrewdness was considerably heightened by his professional acumen. There are, indeed, no classes of society better acquainted with the vices of mankind, than the professors of law and physic: a great writer has called law the chimney through which the fiery passions of the world expend themselves in smoke—and the experience of the medical man sometimes even surpasses that of his legal brethren. Admitted into the very bosoms of families—often the unavoidable confidant of the most delicate secrets—an experienced physician becomes naturally cautious, penetrating, and suspicious.

This was the case with Dr. Coleman; and Father Morris now felt particularly annoyed by

his presence: as, however, there was no remedy, the father was too good a politician to suffer his annoyance to be seen, and smoothing his brow, he expressed in his usual soft, low voice, the pleasure he said he felt at meeting so unexpectedly with his old friend.

“ I am glad to hear that you are pleased to see me,” said Dr. Coleman, with marked emphasis.

“ How can it be otherwise ? It is so kind of you, who have so many professional engagements to occupy your time, to bestow any of it upon your friends.”

Dr. Coleman did not speak, but he fixed his eyes upon Father Morris, with an expression which the latter could not bear. Hastily drawing the cowl, in which his features were generally shrouded, still closer over his face, he turned to Sir Ambrose, and asked what had occasioned the hasty summons he had received.

“ The conduct of Edric,” replied the baronet abruptly ; “ he refuses to see me, and as I understand he had a long conference with you this

morning, I have sent for you to know what he means."

"That, my dear Sir," returned Father Morris, with a gentle smile, and half-closed eyes, "you must allow, it would be impossible for me even to guess. The minds of young men are wayward and capricious; they scarcely know their own wishes; how then can one so ignorant of the world as I, be expected to divine them? Our good friend Dr. Coleman is much more competent to advise you upon the subject than I am."

"Oh, you are too humble, father!" said Dr. Coleman ironically; "pray have a juster sense of your own merit."

"All this has nothing to do with the business," exclaimed Sir Ambrose, getting into a passion. "I want to know what you said to Edric this morning, and what he said to you."

"He told me that he would sooner die than marry Rosabella."

"The young villain! then let him die, if he likes it. But it's all nonsense—a mere figure

of speech. It is very easy to talk about dying; but few people like it when they are put to the test. Not that he's the least intention of any thing of the kind. He thinks I'm an old fool, and only says it to frighten me: but I see through his schemes! I'm not to be duped, and I won't give up the point. I shall be deaf to all his prayers and supplications."

"I do not think that he intends to offer any."

"Not offer any! What do you mean?"

"That I think he has a project in his head, which makes him rather glad of the quarrel that has taken place, than otherwise."

"Impossible! this must be false," cried Dr. Coleman, starting from his seat.

"See him, and judge for yourself," returned Father Morris, scowling at his opponent.

"And what is this project?" asked Sir Ambrose, as soon as he had recovered a little from his astonishment.

"He intends to go to Egypt, and visiting the Pyramids, to try to resuscitate a mummy!"

Dr. Coleman groaned in the spirit: Sir Ambrose shook his head.

“ I fear it is but too true,” said he, “ it is just like one of his plans. The boy is mad; evidently distracted: that silly tutor of his has quite turned his brain.”

“ I really am afraid he is deranged,” sighed Dr. Coleman, “ if he seriously entertains so mad a scheme: but you will excuse me, Father Morris, if I still entertain some doubts upon the subject. He may only have mentioned such a thing in joke.”

“ Talk to him yourself; he is in the chamber of Dr. Entwerfen: I do not wish you to confide in my representations. It is always painful to me to interfere in family disputes. Indeed, when Edric this morning wished me to explain his intentions to his father, I declined doing so; and you were witness, that it was only in compliance with the earnest entreaty of my worthy friend, that I spoke at all on the subject.”

“ Notwithstanding,” said Dr. Coleman, after

musings a short time, "I shall be better satisfied when I have seen Edric myself."

"I beg you will do no such thing," interrupted Sir Ambrose, "he will fancy you an ambassador from me, and I could not bear that. It is his place to submit, not mine. He shall not triumph over me in that manner."

"I am sure he would feel no triumph."

"But I tell you he would, Sir! He would rejoice, exult, and glory in such a thing. I will be master in my own house, and over my own sons: you shall not see him, nobody shall see him; and he shall remain shut up in the asylum he has chosen, till he comes to his senses."

"It is useless to enrage Sir Ambrose by farther opposition now," whispered Father Morris to Dr. Coleman; "Edric cannot go to Egypt without money, and you know he never has any in hand. It can do no harm to adjourn the subject till to-morrow: they will both then be calmer, and more likely to listen to reason."

Dr. Coleman could not deny the policy of this advice, though he felt reluctant to follow

it, as it was suggested by Father Morris : discarding the presentiment of evil, however, as a prejudice which it was his duty to overcome, as it was contrary to his reason, the worthy physician took his leave, fully determining to reconcile the father and son on the morrow.

But the morrow—(alas! who shall dare speculate upon the morrow?) was destined to see Edric and his tutor on their way to Egypt. When Father Morris returned to the adytum of Dr. Entwerfen, he informed Edric, that his father, so far from expressing anger at his intended expedition to Egypt, seemed glad of the opportunity to get rid of him, as he said his presence would only spoil Edmund's triumph. "He says you always look so gloomily," continued the wily priest, "that even when he is disposed to enjoy himself, you throw a damp upon his spirits the instant you appear. He, therefore, gave his free consent to your journey, and commissioned me to supply you with the funds necessary for the expedition."

It had ever been the prevailing weakness of Edric to believe his brother more beloved by

Sir Ambrose than himself; and Father Morris knowing this, had framed his tale accordingly. We easily believe what we fear; and Edric, though not generally credulous, placed implicit faith in the father's story, though it gave him acute anguish.

"I knew he did not love me," said he, "but to bid me go thus, on so perilous an enterprise, without seeing me, I did not expect," and involuntary tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke, whilst the good-natured Dr. Entwerfen sobbed for sympathy.

"Never mind it, Edric dear!" said he, throwing his arms round his pupil's neck; "you have one friend, at any rate, who loves you dearly, and will never desert you."

"I know it," exclaimed Edric, warmly returning his tutor's embrace; "Yes, doctor, you are my friend, of that I am fully satisfied; and we will succeed, or perish together."

"You will want many things to enable you to proceed in your enterprise," said Father Morris, "with which you must furnish yourselves in London. Besides, as Edric has never

been ten miles from home in his life, he should stay a short time to see the wonders of that vast metropolis, before he leaves his native country. Foreseeing this, and thinking, as strangers in London, you would feel awkward in having no place to go to on your arrival, I have dispatched a carrier pigeon to a friend of mine in town, Lord Gustavus de Montfort, who will, I am sure, give you a hearty welcome, and will afford you both the shelter of his house, and the aid of his advice."

"I know not how to express my gratitude," returned Edric.

"Then say nothing about it—if you really feel obliged, profit by my directions. A stage balloon will pass through the village in an hour, shall you be ready to avail yourselves of the opportunity?"

"I would go this instant," exclaimed Edric.

The doctor, with some difficulty, consented to this arrangement, and, at the appointed moment, Edric and his tutor were on their way to London: though the doctor could scarcely be persuaded to set off; for, again and again, he

would return to survey the treasures he was leaving behind, and the moment Edric thought he had him safe, he would recollect some indispensable requisite for their journey, and hurry back again to find it. At last they were fairly started, and a favourable wind blew them rapidly towards London. Edric had never seen this vast metropolis, and his astonishment and delight, when its magnificent palaces, its superb streets, its public buildings, its theatres, and its churches, broke upon him, was quite beyond description. His transports and exclamations, indeed, at length became so violent, as quite to annoy the learned doctor.

“If you feel such rapture at the sight of London,” said he, peevishly, “I suppose you will be reluctant to quit it; and I dare say you already repent having proposed to travel.”

“Oh! what is that?” cried Edric, without attending to him, as, lost in amazement, he saw a house in the suburbs gently slide out of its place, and glide majestically along the road, a lady at one of the windows kissing her hand to

some one in another house as she passed. "Do my eyes deceive me, or does that house move?"

"Certainly it does," replied the doctor. "Did you never see a moving house before? You must have heard of them at any rate, for nothing can be more common. It certainly is convenient, when one wants to go into the country for a few weeks, to be able to take one's house with one: it saves a great deal of trouble in packing, and permits one to have all one's little conveniences about one. You see there are grooves in the bottom of the houses that just fit on the iron railways; and as they are propelled by steam, they slide on without much trouble. It does not answer, however, with any but small houses, for large ones can't well be made compact enough. However, you must postpone your admiration of that, as well as of the other wonders of London, for here we are at Lord Gustavus's door. What a noble mansion! is it not? This street, Edric, is called the Strand, and is the most fashionable in London; because it adjoins the Queen's favourite palace at Somerset House."

“Is that the palace?” said Edric. “It seems a noble pile of building.”

“The gardens are fine,” replied the doctor; “but as they are thrown open to the public, and nothing is paid for admission, it is reckoned vulgar to walk in them. You English do not like any thing you do not pay for; but more of this hereafter. We must now prepare to pay our respects to our noble host.”

Lord Gustavus de Montfort received them very kindly, but Edric found something in his voice and manners excessively forbidding. He had a pompous disagreeable manner of speaking, with a nasal accent so strong, that it was absolutely torture to Edric, whose sense of hearing was uncommonly fine, to listen to him; he had also a conceited dictatorial way of delivering his opinion, which Edric thought extremely unpleasant. He generally commenced his speeches with “Thinking as I think, and as I am positive every one who hears me must think, or at least ought to think;” and this exordium formed an epitome of his character; as he was firmly persuaded that every one who

differed in the slightest degree from his opinion, was decidedly wrong, whilst the possibility of his ever being mistaken himself never entered his imagination. His father had been one of the counsellors of the late Queen, and his eldest brother having declined to take the father's place upon his death, Lord Gustavus had been appointed to it. Thus he was really a person of some consequence in the state ; and though his being so was quite a matter of chance, arising from the circumstances above-mentioned and the indolence of the Queen, he affected to regard it as a matter of personal favour to himself, and endeavoured to persuade his hearers that the affairs of government could not possibly go on without him. Knowing his foible of wishing to be thought of importance in the realm, and feeling the want of a leader of rank, some of the discontented spirits of the kingdom had endeavoured to gain him over to their party ; and though Lord Gustavus was strictly loyal, and even particularly fond of talking of her gracious Majesty the Queen, and boasting of the confidence she placed in

him, yet his vanity could not altogether resist the able attacks made upon it by the rebels. He wavered, he began to talk of reform, and to mingle boasts of his popularity amongst the people, with those he had before indulged in, of enjoying the favour of his sovereign. Thus he hung upon the balance, ready to incline to either side, according to the circumstances that time or chance might produce.

“ I am extremely happy,” said he, as he advanced to meet his guests, “ that my worthy and respected friend Father Morris, has procured me the honour of such illustrious visitors. The holy father has informed me of the sublime purpose that animates your bosoms, and leads you to traverse realms of air, to explore the hitherto undiscovered secrets of the grave. His partiality for me has also led him to imagine that my humble means may perchance prove conducive to so great an end, and he has requested me to give you all the assistance in my power to promote the gigantic objects you have in view. Thus, you may rest assured, no efforts shall be wanting on my part to fulfil his wishes, and as,

though insignificant in myself, I am so happy as to be honoured by the protection and favour of her Majesty the Queen, my most gracious sovereign; and also as my feeble attempts to promote the public good have been rewarded by the gratitude of the people; it may perchance be in my power to serve you; and in the meantime I hope you will do me the honour to partake of such hospitality as my humble mansion can afford."

So saying, Lord Gustavus led the way through a sumptuous suite of rooms, to one where an elegant cold collation was laid out, of which he invited his guests to partake. Nothing could be more splendid than the furniture and embellishments of this apartment. The rooms were hung with crimson silk, trimmed with gold; valuable paintings decorated the walls; statues of inestimable price filled each corner, and magnificent mirrors increased tenfold the magic of the scene. Lord Gustavus secretly enjoyed the astonishment and admiration painted upon the countenances of his guests; and whilst he openly affected to talk of his "poor house," and his "humble

attempts to entertain them," &c. his heart covertly exalted in the grandeur around him, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure at the effect he saw it produced upon the strangers. Nothing makes one so much disposed to be in a good humour with the world, as being in a good humour with oneself; and nothing is so certain to produce that delightful sensation, as to see what we possess excite the admiration of others. Thus, as the flattery conveyed by looks far outweighs that expressed by words, and as the looks of Edric and the doctor unequivocally declared their sentiments, Lord Gustavus was quite enchanted with his visitors, and spared no pains to render them equally happy as himself. He ordered a large apartment to be prepared for the doctor, that he might make his arrangements for the intended Egyptian expedition quite at his ease; he commanded his servants to obey his directions implicitly, and he directed tradesmen to supply every thing that might be wanted at his own expense.

Having thus given the doctor *carte blanche*,

he next turned his attention to Edric, and, finding it was his first visit to London, volunteered to show him all the wonders of that immense metropolis, which then, spreading enormously in every direction, seemed like the fabled monster of the Indians, to stretch its enormous arms on every side and swallow up all the hapless villages which were so unfortunate as to fall within its reach.

Sir Ambrose being too proud to make any enquiries respecting his rebellious son, Edric's departure was not suspected by his father till the arrival of Dr. Coleman on the following day. As Father Morris had predicted, the worthy baronet was become much more cool, and by the persuasions of Dr. Coleman, at length consented to see his son, and not to insist upon his marrying Rosabella, until he had given the subject more mature consideration. After this concession, his astonishment and indignation, when he learnt the truth, may be easier conceived than described. Nothing is so mortifying to a passionate man, as to find

his intended kindness of no avail; and Sir Ambrose, in the transport of his rage, vowed never to see his offending son again.

“Let me implore you to consider what you are doing!” said Dr. Coleman, when he heard this oath.

“Oh, my dear uncle!” cried Clara, clinging to his knees, “don’t say that you will *never* forgive him.”

“I never will!” exclaimed the enraged baronet, “I swear by all my hopes of happiness, here and hereafter, that I never will see his face again.”

“You will repent this rashness,” said Dr. Coleman, “when it is too late. I feel confident there must be some deception in the business.”

“Deception!” cried Sir Ambrose, eagerly, “by whom can it have been practised, and for what purpose? Pray explain yourself.”

“You will perhaps feel offended at what I am about to say, and probably will not believe me—but in my opinion——”

Here the worthy doctor was interrupted by the appearance of a round, fat, rosy-looking face, which just popt in for a moment at the door of the apartment, and was then instantly withdrawn.

“Good Heavens! I should surely know those features,” exclaimed Dr. Coleman, “and yet I hope—I trust—it cannot be.”

“Who is there?” cried Sir Ambrose, pettishly, “what do you want? and why are you ashamed of showing your face?”

That jolly face again made its appearance, but it was now accompanied by a portly body, which certainly did it no discredit, though it was clad in the garments of a priest.

“Sure and it is not my face that I’d be ashamed of showing, any how,” said the apparition, with a strong south country brogue; but “I it was that myself didn’t like to intrude, and I was just looking for the docthor there.”

“And what is your will with me, Father Murphy?” asked Dr. Coleman, with an air of melancholy.

“ Sure and I’d be afther telling ye directly, barring that I’ve a bit o’ a note here, that ’ll spak’ faster than I can.”

So saying he presented a letter to Dr. Coleman, who opened and read it with considerable agitation.

“ You’ll excuse me, Sir Ambrose, this is a matter of the greatest importance. So my young friend is waiting without? I must see him instantly. I must bid you adieu for the present, Sir Ambrose, but you shall see me again in a day or two. I have a friend, the son of an old friend, Mr. Henry Seymour, come to spend some time with me, I hope you will permit me to have the honour of introducing him to you; I am sure you will like him. He is a young Irishman; a very nice young man.”

After running through this speech with astonishing volubility, he hurried away, leaving Sir Ambrose excessively annoyed at his departure; and totally at a loss how to account for it, or how to class his strange visitor, till he recollected that Dr. Coleman had passed many years in Ireland; and that it was the illiberal policy of

the king of that country to have his priests lowly descended and ill-educated men, lest they should acquire too much influence over his subjects, and become dangerous to his government. The Irish priests, thus divested of all the dignity of the sacerdotal character, gradually degenerated into a kind of privileged jesters, tolerated in every great house for the amusement they afforded, and obliged if they had any wit, to conceal under the appearance of folly. Father Murphy was evidently one of this humiliated class, and his connexion with Dr. Coleman was easily accounted for, by supposing him to belong to some family Dr. Coleman had formed an acquaintance with, when in Ireland; but the mysterious allusion which the Doctor had made respecting Edric, was not so comprehensible, and Sir Ambrose waited eagerly for several days, in the hope that he would call to explain what he had meant. No doctor, however, arrived, and as the Duke's mind was completely occupied by another subject, Sir Ambrose was left entirely to his own reflections, without having a single creature to whom he could impart

them, or from whom he could hope for sympathy. The Duke, in fact, was a specimen of a class common enough in the world, of men whose minds will not hold more than one idea at a time, and his head was now so full of the splendid images connected with Edmund, that Edric's rejection of Rosabella and subsequent departure were almost forgotten.

It was far otherwise with Sir Ambrose, who now began to repent, though secretly, of the unwarrantable severity with which he had treated his son. It is a trite though undeniable observation, that we never know the real value of any possession till we have lost it; and thus Sir Ambrose, though he had thought nothing of the respectful and dutiful attentions of his son, whilst he was in the habit of constantly receiving them, now felt their want, and regretted bitterly the ill-timed harshness that had deprived him of them for ever. Still, however, he was too obstinate to own he had been wrong; and though he knew that by recalling his son he should restore his lost happiness, he, like many other persons in similar situations, most

magnanimously determined to persist in being miserable.

Four days had elapsed since that on which Dr. Coleman had so abruptly left Sir Ambrose, ere he called again, and when he made his re-appearance, he was accompanied by a tall, handsome young man, whom he introduced as Henry Seymour, and the good-humoured, though eccentric Father Murphy. Sir Ambrose received his guests very coldly, for he felt hurt by the doctor's neglect; but the Duke, who, attended by Father Morris, happened to be with Sir Ambrose when they arrived, was quite enchanted with them, and when they rose to depart, gave them a general invitation to his castle. This courtesy, which seemed to displease alike Father Morris and Dr. Coleman, was accepted with transports by the strangers, especially by the younger, whose enthusiastic expressions of gratitude quite delighted the old duke.

From this moment the fancy the duke had so suddenly conceived for the strangers, rapidly became intimacy, and they were soon quite

domesticated at the castle. Henry Seymour listened to the duke's stories—laughed at his jokes—admired his dogs and horses, and above all, approved of his improvements; whilst he talked and walked with Elvira, or read to her as she worked, or accompanied her when she sang or played, with his voice or flute. In short, he became quite *l'ami de la maison*, and was beloved by every one in it, excepting Father Morris, Marianne, and Rosabella. Marianne he seemed to consider as quite beneath his notice, and Rosabella he was uniformly polite to; but Father Morris he evidently hated, and took very little pains to conceal his feelings. When these broke forth a little too strongly, Doctor Coleman would often look grave and shake his head, but in vain; prudence was not Henry Seymour's forte: wit and good-humour danced gaily in his bright blue eyes; but the expression of violent passions often flitted in quick transition over his animated features, and he frequently appeared to have the greatest difficulty in restraining himself within due bounds.

His manners, too, were much too familiar for his station, and when disappointed in trifles, he often treated the duke and princesses with unwarrantable haughtiness. Like a petted child, he was always either offending, or suing to be forgiven, and though on these occasions Doctor Coleman always whispered "Beware!" the admonition was generally forgotten at the very moment when it might have been of service. Notwithstanding this perverseness, it was impossible to know Henry Seymour without loving him, and his own affections seemed as warm as those he inspired. He loved the duke and Elvira, respected Doctor Coleman, and was evidently tenderly attached to Father Murphy, though no two beings could be imagined more different than he and that reverend personage. Father Murphy, indeed, was a general favourite, and the whole household of the duke concurred in thinking him quite a nonpareil of a priest; for, as he was not very fond of doing penance himself, so he was not very rigid in imposing it upon others, and consequently he and his penitents

were always upon the best terms imaginable. In short, he seemed especially designed by Nature to be good friends with all the world; and on his side he certainly did the utmost not to thwart the beneficent old lady's kind intentions.

The time now rapidly approached for Edmund's return; letters had been received from him, announcing that he should be in England in a couple of days, and the duke having made all the preparations possible, and twice as many as were necessary, for removing his whole household to town, became in an agony of impatience to set off. He had not permitted either Sir Ambrose or Elvira to inform Edmund of his approbation of his attachment; and he anticipated, with almost childish delight, the effect that would be produced on Edmund's mind by the joyful intelligence. Elvira, however, did not appear to participate in her father's pleasure, and as the hour approached for their departure for town, her spirits became evidently more and more depressed; whilst Henry Seymour's gaiety seemed also to have quite

deserted him, till the good-natured duke compassionating his dejection, and really feeling sorry to part with so agreeable a companion, invited him to accompany them to London. Henry Seymour's bright eyes sparkled with joy at this proposition, and seizing the duke's hand, he exclaimed,—

“ I'll go with all my heart—and you are a dear good creature for thinking of asking me !”

“ There's nobody shall be more welcome,” returned the duke, not at all offended with the familiarity of his young friend's address, though it was quite out of all rule according to the *bienseances* of the age ; “ for I don't know any body I love better, excepting my old friend here, Sir Ambrose, and Edmund.”

“ And Elvira and Rosabella, and me ?” said Clara Montagu coaxingly.

“ What should I love such a little hussey as you for, I wonder ?”

“ Oh, that I don't know ; but I'm sure you do love me, let you say what you will !” returned Clara, whom delight at the idea of her expected journey had made half wild.

“ Good Heaven! Henry Seymour !” said Doctor Coleman, in an impressive tone ; “ you cannot surely be so mad as to intend going to London ?”

“ Why not ? There is no danger, and if there were, would it not be worth braving in such a cause ? By Heaven ! I would leap over the crater of Mount Etna with such an object in view.”

“ Well, you must do as you like. I know it is in vain to attempt to reason with you when you have made up your mind.”

“ Quite, my dear doctor, so don't waste your eloquence.”

“ We shall set off to-morrow,” said the duke : “ I wish we were there.”

“ What a pity,” remarked Henry, “ that nature did not mingle a little patience with your Grace's other good qualities.”

“ It is, indeed ;—‘ for patience,’ as Father Murphy says, ‘ robs care of its bitterest sting.’”

“ Och ! and is it me ye 're quoting from, yere Grace ? And where's the use of that, pray ?

when ye know I'm just here and ready to quote for myself."

"If all your observations are as good as that the duke has just repeated," said Sir Ambrose, "I don't know any body that might be quoted from with more advantage."

"Sure! and is it of myself ye're saying that?" asked Father Murphy, "for if ye are, ye never made a betther spach in all your life; only there's a little mistake if ye think the observation ye're talking of came out of my own head, for it didn't do any such thing."

"Do not be alarmed," said Father Morris, who now approached, and who spoke with his usual satirical sneer: "No one who knows you will ever suspect you of any thing so atrocious."

"Good-nature and integrity are sometimes more than equivalent to brilliant talents," said Sir Ambrose bitterly.

"True," rejoined Father Morris, in one of his softest, most insinuating tones; "but they become inestimable when united, as in the example

before us:" bowing to Father Murphy as he spoke. Sir Ambrose turned, and looked earnestly at the tall thin figure of the monk as he stood before him, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head, as usual, bent towards the ground, but he did not speak.

"By the way," said the duke, "is it not strange that we have never heard any thing of Edric since he left? I begin to think that it was all a planned thing, and they would have gone just the same if nothing had been said of Rosabella."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Sir Ambrose.

"I see no impossibility in the business," resumed the duke. "I think the case is clear. They did not know how to get off decently; and so Edric pretended to quarrel with you and me, to give the thing a face."

"I cannot fancy Edric guilty of such meanness," cried Sir Ambrose passionately.

"I don't think the matter admits of a single doubt: I only wish I had not offered him my niece. What is your opinion of the subject, Father Morris?"

“Men devoted to austere professions like myself,” replied the priest, without raising his eyes from the ground, “know but little of what is passing in the world. Thus, though my body be no longer shrouded in the gloom of a cloister, my mind still remains too much abstracted from the busy scenes around me, for me to be a competent judge of the effect of human passions.”

“Och! then, ye are very right to say nothin’ about them,” cried Father Murphy; “for though I’m in a passion every day of my life, I nevher know what to say when I begin to talk of it. And so I jist think it’s the wisest way to holdth my tongue.”

Neither Sir Ambrose nor the duke made any reply; and after settling that they should commence their journey on the following morning, they separated.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE journey of the duke and his party to London had nothing in it to distinguish it from hundreds of other journeys, they did not meet with a single adventure worthy of being recorded ; and they arrived in perfect safety at the palace of the duke, which was situated in the Strand, (that being, as we have before stated, in those days the most fashionable part of London,) and had beautiful gardens shelving down to the Thames.

The duke had brought all his establishment to town ; and it would be difficult to conceive any one in a greater bustle than the worthy Mrs. Russel for several days after their arrival. The tender Abelard could not find her at

liberty for a single moment, to listen to his poetical effusions. One day, however, having been, as he conceived, particularly happy, he determined to make himself heard. He accordingly waited upon the fair Eloisa, whom he found busily employed in giving directions to the servants.

“Mrs. Russel!” sighed he, in love’s softest cadence; but Mrs. Russel heard him not; she was talking to the cook. “You must quite alter your style, Angelina,” said she, “remember, nothing can be too plain for great people. Fricasees and ragouts are only devoured by the *canaille*.”

“I am instructed of that, Ma’am,” replied Angelina, a great, fat, bonny-looking cook,—“but I flatter myself I know how to concoct dishes——”

“That is the very thing you must avoid,” interrupted Mrs. Russel, “any thing did for the country, but here the case is different: the duke’s rank requires a certain degree of style, and it is the fashion now for great people to have only one dish, and that as plainly cooked

as possible. I have been told by a friend of mine, who got a peep at the great dinner the Queen gave the other day to the foreign ambassadors, that there was nothing in the world upon the table, but a huge round of boiled beef, and a great dish of smoking potatoes, with their jackets on."

"Well, Ma'am," returned Angelina, "I will rally both my physical and mental energies to afford you all the satisfaction in my power; notwithstanding which, I am free to confess, that, in my opinion, the gastronomic science is now cruelly neglected, and that I do not think the digestive powers of the stomach can be properly excited from their dormant state by such unstimulating food as that you mention. Besides, the muscular force of the stomach must be strained to decompose such solid viands, and I should think the diaphragm seriously injured—"

"You, Alphonso," continued Mrs. Russel, addressing the footman, and cruelly interrupting the learned harangue of the cook, "must take more care in cleaning the pictures. There

is a fine large painting of one of the old English artists, over the door, in the best drawing-room, the colours of which are quite faded ; I am afraid you have used something improper to clean it."

" Indeed, Madam," returned Alphonso, " I think the fault is in the picture itself. It did not dry well originally ; I don't think the oil that was used in its composition had the carbon and hydrogen mingled in proper proportions. You know, Madam, that oil in general has an amazing affinity for oxygen, and absorbs it rapidly ; now, though the oil of this picture has been exposed for years to the action of the common atmospheric air, yet it has never thickened properly into a concrete state."

" Mrs. Russel!" cried Abelard, venturing to sigh a little louder.

" Oh, Mr. Abelard!" exclaimed the fair Eloisa, with a pretty affectation of confusion, " how you startled me ! I declare you made me raise the adnatæ of my visual organs, like one of the anas genus when the clouds are charged with electric fluid, whilst my heart

leaped from its transverse position on my diaphragm, and seemed to stick like a great bone right across my cesophagus."

"How wretched I am to have occasioned fears in that lovely bosom. Hem, hem! might I hope to be indulged with a short interview."

"In a moment, dear Mr. Abelard! I will attend to you; I will but just finish my directions. The duke, you know, gives a grand dinner to-day, and my heart palpitates in my bosom with fear lest I should commit some error. These town-bred people are so particular."

"*You* need not fear any scrutiny."

"La, Mr. Abelard! Eustace!" addressing the butler, "mind you must take care not to bring any variety of wines to the table: nothing is drunk now but port and sherry, and even they are going out of fashion. Have plenty of strong ale, however, and porter, for they are now reckoned the most elegant liquors for the ladies."

"I shall do my utmost endeavour to obey your injunctions, Madam," said Eustace, bow-

ing respectfully, "but I cannot imagine that any species of corn, even if it have undergone the vinous fermentation, can produce a liquid so agreeable to the palate, as well as conducive to the sanity of the body, as the juice of the grape."

"Cannot you spare a single moment to listen to me?" sighed Abelard.

"I have nearly done: I have only to beg that you, Evelina and Cecilia," addressing the housemaids, "will carefully superintend the arrangement of the dormitories: let the air out of the beds and re-inflate them—examine the elastic spring mattresses—mend the gossamer curtains—sweep the velvet carpets, and take care the tubes for withdrawing the decomposed air, and admitting fresh, are in proper order;—also, clean out the baths attached to each chamber, and take care there is an abundant supply of water."

"I am told that ablution in the common aqueous fluid is becoming more fashionable than any medicated baths," said Evelina, "and that some people of rank actually use a com-

position of alkali and oil to remove the pulverous particles that may have lodged upon their epidermis in the course of the day."

"I fear from the commands you have issued, Madam," rejoined Cecilia, "that you were oblivious of the alteration that has been effected in the superior dormitory. The air there is no longer changed by means of tubes—but there is a fan-feather ventilator fixed in the ceiling, which by its gentle undulations occasions a free circulation of the aëriform fluid. I do not think, however, that it is quite adequate to supply the place of the tubes, as upon entering the room this morning, I perceived a strong sensation of azote, and found that the proportion of nitrogen more than trebled that of oxygen throughout the whole apartment."

"I am sorry for it, but as it cannot be avoided we must submit. Now, Mr. Abelard, I am ready to attend to you."

"I have taken the liberty of—of—wishing," said the butler, in his turn affecting confusion, "to show you a little poetry. These are some verses of my own, in the acromonogrammatic

style, only every line begins with the same *word* with which the last ended, instead of the same letter. Will you permit me to read them to you?"

Mrs. Russel graciously simpered assent, and Abelard, unfolding the paper, read as follows:—

ON LOVE.

OF all the powers in Heaven above,
 Above all others, triumphs Love ;
 Love rules the soul—the heart invades,
 Invades the cities and the shades.
 Shades form no shelter from its power,
 Power trembles in his courtly bower.
 Bower of beauty—art thou free ?
 Free thou art not—nor canst thou be !
 Be every other class released,
 Released from love, thy woe's increased ;
 Increased by all the weight of care,
 Care flowing from complete despair."

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Russel, "only I own I don't understand why despair comes in the last line."

"Despair—despair: oh! to rhyme with care, my Eloisa. I hope I shall have no other reason to talk of despair."

“ Oh dear, Mr. Abelard, do not endeavour to take undue advantage of my tenderness.”

“ Forbid, Heaven !” exclaimed he, taking her hand, when their love-scene was cruelly interrupted by the unexpected sight of Edric, who happened at this moment to pass in Lord Gustavus de Montfort’s balloon. The recognition was mutual, and Edric was so exceedingly agitated by this encounter, which convinced him that his father was in town, that he determined to delay his journey no longer, as his dread of meeting him was excessive. He therefore resolved to seek his tutor, and, if he found him inclined to procrastinate, to set off without him. On reaching the doctor’s chamber, however, he found half his uneasiness converted into laughter at the ludicrous situation of the poor philosopher, who, surrounded as he was on every side by a crowd of tradesmen clamorous for orders, looked something like Mercury encircled by a tribe of discontented ghosts upon the banks of the Styx.

“ Yes, yes, Mr. Jones,” said he ; “ I see you understand me. The coats are to be those

woven in machines, where the wool is stripped off the sheep's back by one end, and the coat comes out completely made, in the newest fashion, at the other."

"Very well, Sir," said Mr. Jones, wagging his ears in token of assent; for in those days of universal education, even the muscles of the head were trained to perform functions which in former days it was only supposed possible they *might* attain: "You are quite right, Sir, —no person of fashion ever wears any thing else now."

"Oh, Edric!" cried the doctor, "I shall be ready to attend to you directly:—and so, Mrs. Celestina, you must make the soup, if you please, water-proof; and you, Mr. Crispin, must have the boots ready to dissolve, at a moment's notice. Oh, dear! oh, dear, what a perplexity I am in, my head is going just like a steam-boat, at the rate of sixty miles an hour?"

"Upon my word, doctor," said Edric, looking round in dismay, "if we are to take half the things assembled here, I do not know

where we shall find a balloon large enough and strong enough even to raise us from the ground."

"I will show you one," replied the doctor, mysteriously; and solemnly drawing forth from his bosom a key, which appeared to have been suspended by a ribbon from his neck, he slowly opened, with great difficulty, a secret drawer in his escritoire, and produced from its inmost recesses a small bottle of Indian rubber. The gravity of the doctor's manner, and the length of time that he had employed in this operation, had excited Edric's curiosity, and he burst into a violent and uncontrollable fit of laughter when he saw the result.

"What is the matter, Edric?" asked the doctor, with the utmost solemnity; "what can be the occasion of this unceremonious and ill-timed levity?"

"Parturient mountains, my dear doctor," replied Edric, still laughing,—“you know the rest.”

"Ridicule, Edric," said the doctor gravely, "is by no means the test of truth. Fools often,

—nay, generally, laugh at what they cannot understand, and when I shall have explained the motives of my conduct, I trust you will feel ashamed of your present weak and unseasonable mirth. Caoutchouc, Edric, is a substance capable of astonishing dilation and contraction; whilst the peculiar elasticity and tenacity of its fibres give it a strength and solidity, very rare in bodies when in a state of extreme tension. But before I inform you of the novel use to which I intend to apply it; there are several very extraordinary phenomena relating to elastic bodies, which I am happy to have an apposite opportunity of explaining to you.” (Edric yawned.) “You know, elastic substances have the power of wonderfully resisting a force which would annihilate solids, apparently infinitely stronger than themselves, as a feather-bed will repulse a cannon-ball that would penetrate with ease through a thick table. Now the reason for this is evident: the elastic body has the power of summoning all its forces to its assistance, for the effect of a blow may be traced even to its remotest extremity; whereas the solid substance can only

oppose its enemy by the mere resistance of the identical part struck."

"Certainly," said Edric, striving to suppress a yawn; "nothing can be more clear."

"Nothing," resumed the doctor. "I was sure you would admire the force of my reasoning; indeed, I see the excess of your admiration in the involuntary yawns in which you have been indulging. On some occasions, Edric, man shakes off the artificial restraints of society, and breaks forth into the full freedom of honest and unsophisticated nature:—thus it was with you, Edric. In ancient times, the extension of the jaws was held synonymous with the extension of the understanding, and the opening of the mouth and eyes was considered as the greatest possible sign of pleasure that could be given. In the works of an ancient author, whose poetry was doubtless once esteemed very fine, since it is now quite unintelligible, we find the following passage:—

'And Hodge stood lost in wide-mouth'd speculation.'

Again,

‘ His eyes and mouth the hero open’d wide.’

—And divers others, which——”

“ We will leave till a more convenient opportunity, if you please,” said Edric, interrupting him. “ At present, do favour me with your attention for five minutes. We cannot take all these things.”

“ Why not ?” asked the doctor, gazing at his pupil with surprise ; “ for my part, I do not think we can dispense with a single article.”

“ These cloaks,” said Edric, “ and those hampers, for instance, cannot be of the slightest use.”

“ I beg your pardon,” returned the doctor : “ The cloaks are of asbestos, and will be necessary to protect us from ignition, if we should encounter any electric matter in the clouds ; and the hampers are filled with elastic plugs for our ears and noses, and tubes and barrels of common air, for us to breathe when we get beyond the atmosphere of the earth.”

“ But what occasion shall we have to go beyond it ?”

“ How can we do otherwise ? Surely you

don't mean to travel the whole distance in the balloon? I thought, of course, you would adopt the present fashionable mode of travelling, and after mounting the seventeen miles or thereabouts, which is necessary to get clear of the mundane attraction, to wait there till the turning of the globe should bring Egypt directly under our feet."

" But it is not in the same latitude."

" True; I did not think of that! Well, then," sighing deeply, " I suppose we must do without the hamper?"

" Certainly; and without those boxes and bottles too, I hope."

" Oh no! we can't do without those. Those bottles contain my magic elixir, that cures all diseases merely by the smell:—a new idea that. You know it has been long discovered, that the whole *materia medica* might be carried in a ring, and that all the instruments of surgery might be compressed into a walking-stick. But the idea of sniffing health in a pinch of snuff is, I flatter myself, exclusively my own."

“ Very likely ; but we cannot be encumbered with your panacea in our aerial tour.”

“ Then that box contains my portable galvanic battery ; that, my apparatus for making and collecting the inflammable air ; and that, my machine for producing and concentrating the quicksilver vapour, which is to serve as the propelling power to urge us onwards, in the place of steam ; and these bladders are filled with laughing gas, for the sole purpose of keeping up our spirits.”

“ The three first will be useful,” said Edric ;
“ but I will positively have no more.”

“ Adieu ! adieu ! then, my precious treasures !” exclaimed the doctor, looking sorrowfully around : “ Dear offspring of my cares ! children of my mind ! and must I leave you to some rude hand, which, heedless of your inestimable worth, may scatter your beauties to the winds ? Alas ! alas !”

“ Breakfast is ready, and my lord is waiting !” interrupted the shrill voice of one of Lord Gustavus’s servants.

“ Then we must go !” said the doctor ; and the rest of his pathetic lamentation remained for ever buried in his own bosom.

Lord Gustavus was already seated, when they entered the room, with two gentlemen, whom he introduced to our travellers as Lord Noodle and Lord Doodle. These noble lords were both counsellors of state as well as their illustrious host, and had attained that high honour in exactly the same way, viz. they had both succeeded their respective fathers. It is not easy to be very diffuse in their description, as they were members of that honourable and numerous fraternity, who never take the trouble of judging for themselves, but contentedly swim with the stream, whichever way it may flow, and have nothing about them to distinguish them in the slightest degree from the crowd. Lord Gustavus was at present their leading star, and they might very appropriately be termed his satellites. Thus, when any new idea was started, they cautiously refrained from giving an opinion till they found what *he* thought of it:—they would then look wise,

shake their heads, and say, " Exactly so!" "Certainly!" "Nobody can doubt it!" or some of those other convenient *ripieno* phrases, which fill up so agreeably the pauses in the conversation, without requiring any troublesome exertion of the mental powers of either the hearer or the speaker. These gentlemen had now visited Lord Gustavus, for the purpose of accompanying him and Edric to the Queen's levee, and as soon as they had taken breakfast, the whole party, with the exception of Dr. Entwerfen, proceeded to court.

When arrived there, however, they found the Queen had not yet risen. " Her Majesty is late this morning," observed Lord Maysworth, a gentleman loaded with orders and decorations, addressing Lord Gustavus:—" I am not surprised," said his lordship, " for her most gracious Majesty told me the other day, that she has slept badly for some time."

" Which, of course, caused you great grief?" asked Dr. Hardman, a little, satirical-looking gentleman in a bob-wig.

“Thinking as I think,” said Lord Gustavus gravely, “and as I am sure every one here must think, or at least ought to think, her Majesty’s want of sleep is a circumstance of very serious importance.”

“Oh! very!” exclaimed Lord Noodle, shaking his head. “Most assuredly!” cried Lord Doodle, shaking his.

“Why?” demanded the doctor; “of what possible consequence can it be to her subjects, whether her Majesty sleeps soundly or has the night-mare?”

“Of the greatest consequence,” replied Lord Gustavus solemnly.

“Nothing can be greater!” echoed his satellites.

“Well!” observed Lord Maysworth, “for my part, I am such a traitor as to think we might exist, even if the Queen did not sleep at all.”

“Or if she slept for ever,” rejoined the doctor significantly.

“Oh, fie!” cried Lord Gustavus; “what

would become of us, if the great sun of the political hemisphere were to set !”

“ We must watch the rising of another, I suppose,” said Lord Maysworth.”

“ Yes,” continued Dr. Hardman : “ and then the energies of the people would be roused. They want awakening from their present slumber—they have slept too long under the paralyzing effects of tyranny. The government wants reform ; corruption has eaten into its root, and it must be eradicated ere England can be free, or its people happy. Would to Heaven I might live to aid in the glorious struggle ; that I might see the people assert their right, and the fiend, Despotism, sink beneath their blows !”

“ I have ever admired,” said Lord Maysworth, “ the high integrity and fine principles of the worthy doctor, which have not only obtained for him the applause of England, but the admiration of Europe. The courage, wisdom, and purity of his mind cannot be too highly extolled ; and all who

know him concur in calling him the firm and devoted friend of mankind. I also have been an humble supporter of plans of economy and retrenchment; and it was I who had the honour of suggesting to the council, the other day, that an humble petition should be presented to her Majesty, requesting her respectfully to order a diminution of the lights in her saloon, proving incontestably, that there were, at least, six more than were absolutely necessary."

"Thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one here must think," began Lord Gustavus,—but, ere he had time to finish his exordium, the folding doors at the back of the audience chamber were thrown open, and the Queen appeared, sitting upon a gorgeous throne, and surrounded by the officers of her household all splendidly attired.

The usual ceremonies then took place:—Claudia smiled graciously on Edric as he kissed her hand, and inquired when he intended to depart. Edric informed her, on the morrow; when, condescending to express regret, and desiring to see him on his return,

she wished him an agreeable voyage, and dismissed him.

It is one of the most glorious attributes of greatness, to have the power of giving great pleasure by saying very few words; yet, as during their ride home, Lord Gustavus could talk of nothing but the graciousness of the Queen, upon which he was still expatiating, when the balloon stopped; Edric, though he felt grateful for her kindness, was annoyed by hearing so much said of it, and hastened to leave him as soon as he possibly could with propriety. On his road to his own apartment, he heard a strange and fearful noise, like the voice of some one screaming in an agony of rage and pain, which seemed to proceed from the chamber appropriated to his learned tutor; and he was going thither to ascertain the cause, when the agitated form of the unfortunate philosopher burst upon him.

Sad, indeed, was the condition in which this splendid ornament of the twenty-second century now presented himself before the eyes of his astonished pupil. His face glowed like fire;

his hat was off, and water streamed from every part of his body till he looked like the effigy of a water deity in a fountain.

“ Here is management !” cried he, as soon as his rage permitted him to speak ; “ here is treatment for one devoted to the service of mankind ! But I will be revenged, and centuries yet to come shall tremble at my wrath.”

In this manner he continued ; and being too much occupied in these awful denunciations, to be able to give any information as to what calamity had brought him into this unseemly plight, it will be necessary to go back a little to explain it for him.

When Dr. Entwerfen left the breakfast-room of Lord Gustavus, which he did not do till a considerable time after the rest of the party had quitted it, he was so absorbed in meditation that he did not know exactly which way he was going ; and, happening unfortunately to turn to the right when he should have gone to the left, to his infinite surprise he found himself in the kitchen, instead of his own study.

Absent as the doctor was, however, his atten-

tion was soon roused by the scene before him. Being, like many of his learned brotherhood, somewhat of a gourmand, his indignation was violently excited by finding the cook comfortably asleep on a sofa on one side of the room; whilst the meat intended for dinner, a meal it was then the fashion to take about noon, was as comfortably resting itself from its toils on the other. The chemical substitute for fire, which ought to have cooked it, having gone out, and the cook's nap precluding all reasonable expectation of its re-illumination, the doctor's wrath was kindled, though the fire was not, and in a violent rage he seized the gentle Celestina's shoulder, and shook her till she woke.

"Where am I?" exclaimed she, opening her eyes.

"Any where but where you ought to be," cried the doctor, in a fury. "Look, hussy! look at that fine joint of meat, lying quite cold and sodden in its own steam."

"Dear me!" returned Celestina, yawning, "I am really quite unfortunate to-day! An unlucky accident has already occurred to a leg of

mutton which was to have formed part of to-day's aliments; and now this piece of beef is also destroyed. I am afraid there will be nothing for dinner but some mucilaginous saccharine vegetables, and they, most probably, will be boiled to a viscous consistency."

"And what excuse can you offer for all this?" exclaimed the doctor, his voice trembling with passion.

"It was unavoidable," replied Celestina coolly. "Whilst I was copying a cast from the Apollo Belvidere this morning, having unguardedly applied too much caloric to the vessel containing the leg of mutton, the aqueous fluid in which it was immersed, evaporated, and the viand became completely calcined; whilst the other affair—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the doctor; "I cannot bear to hear you mention it. Oh, surely Job himself never suffered such a trial of his patience! In fact, *his* troubles were scarcely worth mentioning, for he was never cursed with learned servants!"

Saying this the doctor retired, lamenting his

hard fate in not having been born in those halcyon days when cooks drew nothing but their poultry ; whilst the gentle Celestina's breast panted with indignation at his complaint. An opportunity soon offered for revenge ; and seeing the doctor's steam valet ready to be carried to its master's chamber, she treacherously applied a double portion of caloric : in consequence of which, the machine burst whilst in the act of brushing the doctor's coat-collar, and by discharging the whole of the scalding water contained in its cauldron upon him, reduced him to the melancholy state we have already mentioned.

The fear of the ridicule attached to this incident, in a great measure reconciled the doctor to Edric's project of a speedy departure, and the following morning they bade adieu to Lord Gustavus, and, stepping into their balloon, sailed for Egypt.

CHAPTER IX.

No event of any importance occurred to our travellers in the course of their aerial voyage. They were too well provided with all kinds of necessaries to have any occasion to rest by the way, and in an incredibly short space of time they were hovering over Egypt. Different, however, oh ! how different from the Egypt of the nineteenth century, was the fertile country which now lay like a map beneath their feet ! Improvement had turned her gigantic steps towards its once deserted plains ; Commerce had waved her magic wand ; and towns and cities, manufactories and canals, spread in all directions. No more did the Nile overflow its banks : a thousand channels were cut to receive its waters.

No longer did the moving sands of the Desert rise in mighty waves, threatening to overwhelm the wayworn traveller: macadamized turnpike roads supplied their place, over which postchaises, with anti-attributioned wheels, bowled at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Steamboats glided down the canals, and furnaces raised their smoky heads amidst groves of palm-trees; whilst iron railways intersected orange groves, and plantations of dates and pomegranates might be seen bordering excavations intended for coal pits. Colonies of English and Americans peopled the country, and produced a population that swarmed like bees over the land, and surpassed in numbers even the wondrous throngs of the ancient Mizraim race; whilst industry and science changed desolation into plenty, and had converted barren plains into fertile kingdoms.

Amidst all these revolutions, however, the Pyramids still raised their gigantic forms, towering to the sky; unchanged, unchangeable, grand, simple, and immovable, fit symbols of that majestic nature they were intended to

represent, and seeming to look down with contempt upon the ephemeral structures with which they were surrounded; as though they would have said, had utterance been permitted to them—"Avaunt, ye nothings of the day! Respect our dignity and sink into your original obscurity; for, know that we alone are monarchs of the plains." Indestructible, however, as they had proved themselves, even their granite sides had not been able entirely to resist the corroding influence of the smoke with which they were now surrounded, and a slight crumbling announced the first outward symptom of decay. Still, however, though blackened and disfigured, they shone stupendous monuments of former greatness; and Edric and his tutor gazed upon them with an awe that for some moments deprived them of utterance.

The doctor, however, who was too fond of reasoning ever long to remain willingly silent, after surveying them a few minutes, broke forth as follows:—"What noble piles! What majesty and grandeur they display in their forma-

tion, and yet what dignified simplicity ! Can the imagination of man conceive any thing more sublime than the thought that they have stood thus, frowning in awful magnificence, perhaps since the very creation of the world, without equals, without even competitors,—mocking the feeble efforts of man to divine their origin, and seeing generation after generation pass away, whilst they still remain immutable, and involved in the same deep and unfathomable mystery as at first.”

“ It is very strange,” observed Edric, “ that, in this age of speculation and discovery, nothing certain should be known concerning them.”

“ It is,” returned the doctor : “ but the thick mysterious veil that has rested upon them for so many ages, seems not intended to be removed by mortal hands. They remind one of the sublime inscription upon the temple of the goddess Isis, at Sais :—‘ I am whatever was, whatever is, and whatever shall be ; but no mortal has, as yet, presumed to raise the veil that covers me.’ ”

“Your quotation is apt, doctor,” resumed Edric, “for both relate to Nature. Indeed, Nature appears to be the deity which the ancient Egyptians worshipped, under all the various forms in which she presents herself; and their strange and animal deities were but revered as her symbols. It was Nature which they worshipped as Isis; it was Nature that was typified in the Pyramids: and the good taste of the Egyptians made them prefer the simple, the majestic, and the sublime, in those works which they destined to last for ages. Formerly, from the immensity of their population, and high state of their civilization, labour was so divided, and consequently so lightened, that multitudes were enabled to exist exempt from toil. These persons, devoting themselves to study, became *initiati*; and either enrolled themselves amongst the priesthood, or passed their lives in making themselves masters of the most abstract sciences. The consequences were natural: they followed up the ramifications of creation to their original source; they penetrated into the most pro-

found secrets of Nature, and traced all her wonders in her works : aware, however, of the taste of the vulgar for any thing above their comprehension, and of the natural craving of the human mind for mystery, they wrapped the discoveries they had made in a deep impenetrable veil, and concealed awful and sublime significations under the meanest and most disgusting images."

"You are right," said the doctor, "in your observations upon the religion of the ancient Egyptians; but it does not appear to me that the Pyramids were erected by them."

"What! I suppose you draw your conclusions from the want of hieroglyphics in their principal chambers; and, from what Herodotus says of their having been erected by a shepherd, you think they were the work of the Pallic race."

"No; though I allow much may be said in favour of that hypothesis, particularly as Herodotus says the kings under whom they were erected, ordered all the Egyptian temples to be closed, which we know the shepherd or

Pallic sovereigns did ; but I cannot imagine that an ignorant, Goth-like race of shepherds, men accustomed to live in tents or in the open air, and possessing no talents but for war, were capable of constructing such immense piles. No, no, the Pyramids required gigantic conceptions, highly cultivated minds, and unwearied perseverance ; all qualities quite incompatible with a warlike wandering race. I do not think the Palli were capable of imagining such structures, much less of constructing them. I think they were the work of evil spirits."

" Evil spirits !" exclaimed Edric.

" Yes," returned the doctor. " We are told that the evil spirits, after their expulsion from Paradise, were under the commaad of the Sultan, or Soliman Giam ben Giam, as he is called by Arabic writers, but who is supposed to have been the same as Cheops ; and I think that he employed them in this vast work."

" I do not know by what analysis etymologists can draw the name of Cheops from that of Giam ben Giam : but, supposing the fact to be correct, that they designated the same per-

son, I think it only proves more strongly my hypothesis; for the Palli came from Mount Caucasus, where the evil spirits were said to have been enchained, and if Cheops was a Pallic king, it is possible the Egyptians might poetically call their conquerors evil spirits."

"That is a good idea, Edric; though I do not think it by any means certain that Cheops was a Pallic king. However, we shall soon be able to see his tomb, and judge for ourselves; for we have now approached near enough to the Pyramids to descend. Foh! what a smoke and what a noise! It is enough to rouse the mummies from their slumbers before their appointed time, and without the aid of galvanism. Have you opened the valves, Edric? Oh yes! I perceive we are getting lower; we will not lose a moment before we visit the Pyramid. But what a crowd of brutes are assembled to witness our arrival! they stare as though they had never seen a balloon before. Egypt is certainly a fine country, but the inhabitants are a century behind us in civilization."

An immense crowd had gathered together to

witness the descent of our travellers, and they did indeed stand staring, lost in stupid astonishment at the strange sight that presented itself; for though the Egyptian people had occasionally seen balloons, they had never before beheld one made of Indian rubber. The odd figure of the doctor, too, amused them exceedingly, as he sat wrapt up in the most dignified manner in an asbestos cloak, his bob-wig pushed a little on one side from the heat of the weather and the warmth of his argument; his round, red, oily face attempting to look solemn, and his little fat, punchy figure trying to assume an air of majesty. The Egyptians were amazingly struck with this apparition, and being, like most colonists, somewhat conceited and not very ceremonious in their manners, they looked at him a few minutes in silence, and then burst into immoderate fits of laughter.

The doctor was exceedingly indignant at this rude reception, and rising, shook his fist at them in anger; a manœuvre that only redoubled the mirth of the unpolished Egyptians, whose peals of laughter now became so tremen-

dous, that they actually shook the skies, and occasioned a most unpleasant vibration in the balloon. Edric, who was almost as much annoyed as the doctor, had yet sufficient self-command to continue calmly making preparations for his descent; and without taking the least notice of the crowd below, he screwed the top upon the propelling vapour-bottle; he let the inflammable air escape from the balloon, which rapidly collapsed as they approached the earth, and throwing out their patent spring grappling-irons, they caught one of the lower stones of the Great Pyramid, and in a few moments the car in which our travellers were sitting, was safely moored at a convenient distance from the earth for them to alight. Edric now unloosed the descending ladder, and reverentially assisted the doctor, who was encumbered with his long cloak, to reach terra firma in safety,—amidst the bustle and exclamations of the crowd, who thronged round them expressing their wonder and astonishment audibly, in broad English.

“Where the deuce did this spring from?” cried one; “the car would load a waggon!”

“ And what is gone with the balloon ?” said another ; “ it is clean vanished !”

“ Well, I never saw such a thing in all my life before !” exclaimed a third ; “ I think they must be come from the moon.”

“ Hush ! hush,” cried an old gentleman bustling amongst them, who seemed as one having authority. “ What’s the matter ? what’s the matter ?”

“ We are strangers, Sir,” said Edric, advancing and addressing him : “ we come here to see the wonders of your country, and we wish to explore the Pyramids—but the reception we have met with——”

“ Say no more—say no more !” interrupted the worthy justice, for such he was. “ Get about your business, you rascallions, or I’ll read the riot act ! Here, Gregory, call out the *posse comitatus*, and set a guard of constables to keep watch over these gentlemen’s balloon, whilst they go to explore the Pyramids. Eh ! but where is the balloon ? I don’t see it. I hope neither of the gentlemen has put it in his pocket !” laughing at his own wit.

"No, Sir," returned Edric, smiling, "though it is a feat which might easily be accomplished, for that is our balloon," pointing to the caoutchouc bottle, now shrunk to its original dimensions.

"Very strange, that!" said the Justice; "Very curious, very curious indeed! Well, gentlemen, if you wish to proceed immediately, you'll want a guide of course. These cottages at the foot of the Pyramids are all inhabited by guides, who get their living by showing the sights. They are sad rogues, most of them, but I can recommend you to one who is a very honest man. Here, Samuel," continued he, knocking against a small door, "Samuel, I say!"

Samuel made his appearance, in the guise of a tall, raw-boned, stupid-looking fellow, with a pair of immensely broad stooping shoulders, which looked as though he could have relieved Atlas occasionally of his burthen, without much trouble to himself. Coming forth from his hut in an awkward shambling pace, he scratched his head, and demanded what his honour pleased to want.

“ You must show these gentlemen the Pyramids,” said the Justice.

“ Ay, that I will with pleasure !” returned Samuel ; “ I’ve got my living by showing them these fifty years, man and boy ; and I know every crink and cranny of them, though I’m old now and somewhat lame. So walk this way, gentlemen.”

“ We are very much obliged to you, Sir,” said the doctor, bowing to the Justice ; who was in fact one of those good-natured, busy, bustling men, who are always better pleased to transact any other person’s business than their own ; and are never so happy as when a new arrival gives them an opportunity of showing off their consequence. Indeed, there is a pleasure in showing wonders to a stranger, that only those who have little else to occupy their minds can properly estimate : a man of this kind feels his self-love gratified by the superiority his local knowledge gives him over a stranger ; and, as it is, perhaps, the only chance he ever can have of showing superiority, they must be unreasonable who blame him for making the most of it. Jus-

tice Freemantle was accordingly exceedingly delighted with travellers who seemed disposed to submit implicitly to his dictation; and he returned a most gracious reply to the doctor's thanks.

“ Don't mention it ! don't mention it, my dear Sir !” said he ; “ I am never so happy as when I can make myself useful. Is there any thing else I can do for you ? You may command me, I assure you ; and you may depend upon it, no injury shall be done to your luggage, whilst you are away.”

“ What a very civil, obliging, good-natured old gentleman !” said the doctor, as they walked towards the entrance of the Pyramids ; “ I declare he almost reconciles me to the country, though, I own, I thought at first the people were the greatest brutes I had ever met with.”

“ Which Pyramid does your honour wish to see ?” asked the guide.

“ That which contains the tomb of Cheops, man !” cried the doctor solemnly ; who, encumbered with his long cloak, and loaded with his

walking-stick and galvanic battery, had some difficulty in getting on.

“ Won't your honour let me carry that pole and that box ?” said the man ; “ you'd get on a surprising deal better, if you would.”

“ Avaunt, wretch ?” exclaimed the doctor, “ nor offer to touch with thy profane fingers the immortal instruments of science.”

The man stared, but fell back, and the whole party walked on in perfect silence.

In the mean time, Edric had advanced before his companions, completely lost in meditation. A crowd of conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind ; and now, when he found himself at the very goal of his wishes, the daring nature of the purpose he had so long entertained, seemed to strike him for the first time, and he trembled at the consequences that might attend the completion of his desires. With his arms folded on his breast, he stood gazing on the Pyramids, whilst his ideas wandered uncontrolled through the boundless regions of space : “ And what am I,” thought he, “ weak, feeble worm that I am ! who dare seek to penetrate into the

awful secrets of my Creator? Why should I wish to restore animation to a body now resting in the quiet of the tomb? What right have I to renew the struggles, the pains, the cares, and the anxieties of mortal life? How can I tell the fearful effects that may be produced by the gratification of my unearthly longing? May I not revive a creature whose wickedness may involve mankind in misery? And what if my experiment should fail, and if the moment when I expect my rash wishes to be accomplished, the hand of Almighty vengeance should strike me to the earth, and heap molten fire on my brain to punish my presumption!"

The sound of human voices, as the doctor and the guide approached, grated harshly on the nerves of Edric, already overstrained by the awful nature of the thoughts in which he had been indulging, and he turned away involuntarily, to escape the interruption he dreaded, quite forgetting for the moment from whom the sounds most probably proceeded.

"Lord have mercy on us!" said the guide;
"I declare that gentleman looks as if he were

beside himself? and see there! if he hasn't walked right by the entrance to the Pyramid without seeing it! Sir! Sir!" halloed he.

Excessively annoyed, but recalled to his recollection by these shouts, Edric returned.

"These Pyramids are wonderful piles," said the doctor, as he stumbled forward to meet him. "I really had no adequate conception of the enormity of their size. They did not even look half so large at a distance as they do now."

"Immense masses seldom do," replied Edric; compelling himself with difficulty to speak.

"True," returned the doctor; "the simplicity and uniformity of their figures deceive the eyes, and it is only when we approach them that we feel their stupendous magnitude and our own insignificance!"

"They give an amazing idea of the grandeur of the ancient kings of Egypt," said Edric, without exactly knowing what he was saying. "Their palaces must have been superb, if they had such mausoleums."

“ How absurdly you reason, Edric !” replied the doctor peevishly ; for, being annoyed with his burthens and his cloak, he was not in a humour to bear contradiction. “ I thought we had settled that question before. In the first place, I think it very doubtful whether the Egyptians had any thing to do with the building of these monuments ; and if they had, I believe they were meant for temples, not mausoleums ; and in the next place, even if they were intended for tombs, their greatness affords no argument for the splendour of the surrounding palaces ; as the Egyptians were celebrated for the superiority of their burying-places, and for the immense sums they expended upon them. Indeed, you know, ancient writers say they went so far as to call the houses of the living only inns, whilst they considered tombs as everlasting habitations ;—a circumstance, by the way, that strongly corroborates my hypothesis, at least as far as their opinions go ; as it seems to imply that both soul and body were designed to remain there.”

They had now entered the Pyramid, and

were proceeding with infinite difficulty along a low, dark, narrow passage: "Observe, Edric," said the doctor, "how the difficulty and obscurity of these winding passages confirm my opinion: you know, the religion of the ancient Egyptians, like that of the ancient Hindoos, was one of penances and personal privations; and, granting that to be the case, what can be more simple, than that the passages the *initiati* had to traverse before they reached the adytum, should be painful and difficult of access. Besides this, as you know, the bones of a bull, no doubt those of the god Apis, were found in a sarcophagus in the second Pyramid, it seems probable that it was sacred to his worship: and its vicinity to the Nile, which was indispensable to the temples of Apis, as, when it was time for him to die, he was drowned in its waters, confirms the fact. Indeed, I am only surprised that any human being, possessing a grain of common sense, can entertain a single doubt upon the subject."

"How do you account for the tomb we are about to visit being placed in the Pyramid, if

you think they were only designed for temples?" asked Edric.

"The question is futile," said the doctor. "A strange fancy prevailed in former times, that burying the dead in consecrated places, particularly in temples intended for divine worship, would scare away the evil spirits, and the practice actually prevailed in England even as lately as the nineteenth or twentieth century. Indeed, it was not till after the country had been almost depopulated by the dreadfully infectious disease which prevailed about two hundred years ago, that a law was passed to prevent the interment of the dead in London, and that those previously buried in and near the churches there, were exhumed and placed in cemeteries beyond the walls."

Edric did not reply, for in fact his ideas were so absorbed by the solemn object before him, that it was painful for him to speak, and the doctor's ill-timed reasoning created such an irritation of his nerves, that he found it required the utmost exertion of his self-command to

endure it patiently. The passage they were traversing, now became higher and wider, shelving off occasionally into chambers or recesses on each side, till they approached a kind of vestibule, in the centre of which, yawned a deep, dark, gloomy-looking cavity, like a well.

“We must descend that shaft,” said the guide, “and that will lead us to the tomb of King Cheops; but as the road is dark, and rather dangerous, we had better, each of us, take a torch.”

As he spoke, he drew some torches from a niche where they were deposited, and began to illuminate them from his own. The red glare of the torches flashed fearfully on the massive walls of the Pyramid, throwing part of their enormous masses into deep shadow, as they rose in solemn and sublime dignity around, and seemed frowning upon the presumptuous mortals who had dared to invade their recesses, whilst the deep pit beneath their feet seemed to yawn wide to engulf them in its abyss. Edric's heart beat thick: it throbbed

till he even fancied its pulsations audible ; and a strange, mysterious thrilling of anxiety, mingled with a wild, undefinable delight, ran through his frame. A few short hours, and his wishes would be gratified, or set at rest for ever. The doctor and the guide had already begun to descend, and their figures seemed changed and unearthly as the gleams of the torches fell upon them. Edric gazed for a moment, and then followed with feelings worked up almost to frenzy by the over-excitement of his nerves ; whilst the hollow sounds that re-echoed from the walls, as they struck against them in their descent, thrilled through his whole frame.

No one spoke ; and after proceeding for some time along the narrow path, or rather ledge, formed on the sides of the cavity, which gradually shelved downwards, the guide suddenly stopped, and touching a secret spring, a solid block of granite slowly detached itself from the wall, and, rising majestically like the portcullis of an ancient fortress, showed the entrance to a dark and dreary cave. The guide advanced,

followed by our travellers, into a gloomy vaulted apartment, where long vistas of ponderous arches stretched on every side, till their termination was lost in darkness, and gave a feeling of immensity and obscurity to the scene.

“ I will wait here,” said the guide ; “ and here, if you please, you had better leave your torches. That avenue will lead you to the tomb.”

The travellers obeyed ; and the guide, placing himself in a recess in the wall, extinguished all the torches except one, which he shrouded so as to leave the travellers in total darkness. Nothing could be now more terrific than their situation : immured in the recesses of the tomb, involved in darkness, and their bosoms throbbing with hopes that they scarcely dared avow even to themselves ; with faltering steps they proceeded slowly along the path the guide had pointed out, shuddering even at the hollow echo of their own footsteps, which alone broke the solemn silence that reign-

ed throughout these fearful regions of terror and the tomb.

Suddenly, a vivid light flashed upon them, and, as they advanced, they found it proceeded from torches placed in the hands of two colossal figures, who, placed in a sitting posture, seemed guarding an enormous portal, surmounted by the image of a fox, the constant guardian of an Egyptian tomb. The immense dimensions and air of grandeur and repose about these colossi had something in it very imposing; and our travellers felt a sensation of awe creep over them as they gazed upon their calm unmoved features, so strikingly emblematic of that immutable nature which they were doubtless placed there to typify.

It was with feelings of indescribable solemnity, that the doctor and Edric passed through this majestic portal, and found themselves in an apartment gloomily illumined by the light shed faintly from an inner chamber, through ponderous brazen gates beautifully wrought. The light thus feebly emitted, showed that the room

in which they stood, was dedicated to Typhon, the evil spirit, as his fierce and savage types covered the walls; and images of his symbols, the crocodile and the dragon, placed beneath the shadow of the brazen gates, and dimly seen by the imperfect light, seemed starting into life, and grimly to forbid the farther advance of the intruders. Our travellers shuddered, and opening with trembling hand the ponderous gates, they entered *the tomb of Cheops*.

In the centre of the chamber, stood a superb, highly ornamented sarcophagus of alabaster, beautifully wrought: over this hung a lamp of wondrous workmanship, supplied by a potent mixture, so as to burn for ages unconsumed; thus awfully lighting up with perpetual flame the solemn mansions of the dead, and typifying life eternal even in the silent tomb. Around the room, on marble benches, were arranged mummies simply dried, apparently those of slaves; and close to the sarcophagus was placed one contained in a case, which the doc-

tor approached to examine. This was supposed to be that of Sores, the confidant and prime-minister of Cheops. The chest that enclosed the body was splendidly ornamented with embossed gilt leather, whilst the parts not otherwise covered were stained with red and green curiously blended, and of a vivid brightness.

The mighty Phtah, the Jupiter of the Egyptians, spread its widely extended wings over the head, grasping in his monstrous claws a ring, the emblem of eternity ; whilst below, the vulture-form of Rhea proclaimed the deceased a votary of that powerful deity ; and on the sides were innumerable hieroglyphics. The doctor removed the lid, and shuddered as the crimson tinge of the everlasting lamp fell upon the hideous and distorted features thus suddenly exhibited to view. This sepulchral light, indeed, added unspeakable horror to the scene, and its peculiar glare threw such a wild and demoniac expression on the dark lines and ghastly lineaments of the mummies, that even

the doctor felt his spirits depressed, and a supernatural dread creep over his mind as he gazed upon them.

In the mean time, Edric had stood gazing upon the sarcophagus of Cheops, the sides of which were beautifully sculptured with groups of figures, which, from the peculiar light thrown upon them, seemed to possess all the force and reality of life. On one side was represented an armed and youthful warrior bearing off in his arms a beautiful female, on whom he gazed with the most passionate fondness. He was pursued by a crowd of people and soldiers, who seemed rending the air with vehement exclamations against his violence, and endeavouring in vain to arrest his progress; whilst in the background appeared an old man, who was tearing his hair and wringing his hands in ineffectual rage against the ravisher.

The other side presented the same old man wrestling with the youthful warrior, who had just overpowered and stabbed him; the helpless victim raising his withered hands and failing eyes to Heaven as he fell, as though to implore

vengeance upon his murderer, whilst the crimson current was fast ebbing from his bosom. The dying look and agony of the old man were forcibly depicted, whilst upon the features of the youthful warrior glowed the fury of a demon.

The sarcophagus was supported by the lion emblem of royalty, the symbol of the solar god Horus ; and above it sat the majestic hawk of Osiris, gazing upwards, and unmindful of the subtle crocodile of Typhon, that, crouching under its feet, was just about to seize its breast in its enormous jaws. Neither of the travellers had as yet spoken, for it seemed like sacrilege to disturb the awful stillness that prevailed even by a whisper. Indeed, the solemn aspect of the chamber thrilled through every nerve, and they moved slowly, gliding along with noiseless steps as though they feared prematurely to break the slumbers of the mighty dead it contained. They gazed, however, with deep but undefinable interest upon the sculptured mysteries of the tomb of Cheops, vainly endeavouring to decipher their meaning ; whilst, as they found their efforts useless, a secret voice seemed to

whisper in their bosoms—"And shall finite creatures like these, who cannot even explain the signification of objects presented before their eyes, presume to dive into the mysteries of their Creator's will? Learn wisdom by this omen, nor seek again to explore secrets above your comprehension! Retire whilst it is yet time; soon it will be too late!"

Edric started at his own thoughts, as the fearful warning, "soon it will be too late," rang in his ears; and a fearful presentiment of evil weighed heavily upon his soul. He turned to look upon the doctor, but he had already seized the lid of the sarcophagus, and, with a daring hand, removed it from its place, displaying in the fearful light the royal form that lay beneath. For a moment, both Edric and the doctor paused, not daring to survey it; and when they did, they both uttered an involuntary cry of astonishment, as the striking features of the mummy met their eyes, for both instantly recognized the sculptured warrior in his traits. Yes, it was indeed the same, but the fierce expression of fiery and ungoverned passions de-

picted upon the countenance of the marble figure, had settled down to a calm, vindictive, and concentrated hatred upon that of its mummy prototype in the tomb.

Awful, indeed, was the gloom that sat upon that brow, and bitter the sardonic smile that curled those haughty lips. All was perfect as though life still animated the form before them, and it had only reclined there to seek a short repose. The dark eyebrows, the thick raven hair which hung upon the forehead, and the snow-white teeth seen through the half open lips, forbade the idea of death; whilst the fiend-like expression of the features made Edric shudder, as he recollected the purpose that brought him to the tomb, and he trembled at the thought of awakening such a fearful being from the torpor of the grave to all the renewed energies of life.

“Let us go,” whispered the doctor to his pupil, in a low, deep, and unearthly tone, fearfully different from his usually cheerful voice, Edric started at the sound, for it seemed the last sad warning of his better genius, before it

abandoned him for ever. The die, however, was cast, and it was too late to recede. Edric felt worked up to frenzy by the over-wrought feelings of the moment. He seized the machine, and resolutely advanced towards the sarcophagus, whilst the doctor gazed upon him with a horror that deprived him of either speech or motion.

Innumerable folds of red and white linen, disposed alternately, swathed the gigantic limbs of the royal mummy; and upon his breast lay a piece of metal, shining like silver, and stamped with the figure of a winged globe. Edric attempted to remove this, but recoiled with horror, when he found it bend beneath his fingers with an unnatural softness; whilst, as the flickering light of the lamp fell upon the face of the mummy, he fancied its stern features relaxed into a ghastly laugh of scornful mockery. Worked up to desperation, he applied the wires of the battery and put the apparatus in motion, whilst a demoniac laugh of derision appeared to ring in his ears, and the surrounding mummies seemed starting from

their places and dancing in unearthly merriment. Thunder now roared in tremendous peals through the Pyramids, shaking their enormous masses to the foundation, and vivid flashes of light darted round in quick succession. Edric stood aghast amidst this fearful convulsion of nature. A horrid creeping seemed to run through every vein, every nerve feeling as though drawn from its extremity, and wrapped in icy chillness round his heart. Still, he stood immoveable, and gazing intently on the mummy, whose eyes had opened with the shock, and were now fixed on those of Edric, shining with supernatural lustre. In vain Edric attempted to rouse himself;—in vain to turn away from that withering glance. The mummy's eyes still pursued him with their ghastly brightness; they seemed to possess the fabled fascination of those of the rattle-snake, and though he shrank from their gaze, they still glared horribly upon him. Edric's senses swam, yet he could not move from the spot; he remained fixed, chained, and immoveable, his eyes still rivetted upon those of the mum-

my, and every thought absorbed in horror. Another fearful peal of thunder now rolled in lengthened vibrations above his head, and the Mummy rose slowly, his eyes still fixed upon those of Edric, from his marble tomb. The thunder pealed louder and louder. Yells and groans seemed mingled with its roar;—the sepulchral lamp flared with redoubled fierceness, flashing its rays around in quick succession, and with vivid brightness; whilst by its horrid and uncertain glare, Edric saw the Mummy stretch out its withered hand as though to seize him. He saw it rise gradually—he heard the dry, bony fingers rattle as it drew them forth—he felt its tremendous gripe—human nature could bear no more—his senses were rapidly deserting him; he felt, however, the fixed stedfast eyes of Cheops still glowing upon his failing orbs, as the lamp gave a sudden flash, and then all was darkness! The brazen gates now shut with a fearful clang, and Edric, uttering a shriek of horror, fell senseless upon the ground, whilst his shrill cry of anguish rang wildly through the marble vaults,

till its re-echoes seemed like the yell of demons joining in fearful mockery.

How long he lay in this state he knew not ; but when he re-opened his eyes, for the moment, he fancied all that had passed a dream. As his senses returned he recollected where he was, and shuddered to find himself yet in that place of horrors. All now was dark, except a faint gleam that shone feebly through the half-open gates ; these ponderous portals slowly unclosed, and the form of a man, wrapped in a large cloak, and bearing a torch, entered, peering around as it advanced, as though half afraid to proceed. Edric's feelings were too highly wrought to bear any fresh horrors, and he shrieked in agony as the figure approached. The sound of his voice subdued the terrors of the intruder, and the doctor, for it was he, shouted with joy, as he rushed forward to embrace him.

“Edric ! Edric ! thank God he is alive !” exclaimed he. “Edric ! my beloved Edric ! for God's sake, let us leave this den of horrors ! come, come !”

Re-assured by his tutor's voice, Edric arose, and taking one hasty, shuddering glance around as the light gleamed on the sarcophagus, he hurried out of the tomb. Neither he nor the doctor spoke as they passed through the vestibule, where the colossal figures still sat in awful majesty; indeed, as their torches were extinguished, their gigantic forms looked still more terrific than before, from the wavering and indistinct light thrown upon them. Edric shuddered as he looked, and hurried on with hasty strides to the place where they had left the guide, whom they found kneeling in a corner, hiding his face in his hands, and roaring out, "O Lord, defend us! Heaven have mercy upon us! Lord have mercy upon us! Heaven have mercy upon us!"

"He has been in that state for more than an hour," said the doctor mournfully; "for, after I came to myself, I tried to rouse him, but all to no purpose."

"Then you also fainted?" said Edric, with difficulty compelling himself to speak.

"Why," resumed the doctor with some hesi-

tation, "I don't know that you can exactly call it fainting; but the fact was, when I saw you touch the plate upon the mummy's breast, and start back, looking so horribly frightened, I—I thought I had better call for assistance; so as I ran for that purpose, somehow or other I fell down, and lay insensible I don't know how long. When I came to myself, I tried to rouse the guide, and when I found I could not, I came to seek you; but now that we are both recovered, I really don't know what is to become of us; for this fellow will never be able to show us the way out, and I'm sure I don't know the road."

"Let us try to find it, at any rate," said Edward faintly.

"Oh, for God's sake, take me too!" screamed the guide. "If you have any mercy, don't leave me in this fearful place."

"Take the light then, and lead the way," said Eddric. The guide obeyed, shaking in every limb, and every now and then casting a terrified look behind, whilst the quivering flame of the torch betrayed the unsteadiness of the trembling hands

that bore it. In this manner they proceeded starting at every sound, and frightened even at their own shadows, without daring to stop till they reached the plain.

“ Thank God !” cried the doctor, the moment they stepped out of the Pyramid ; looking round him, gasping for breath, and inhaling the fresh air with rapture.

“ Thank God !” reiterated Edric and the guide, as they walked rapidly towards the place where they had left their balloon. When arrived there, however, they looked for it in vain ; and fancying themselves under the influence of a delusion, they rubbed their eyes, and again looked, but without success.

“ Dear me, it is very strange !” said the doctor ; “ this is certainly the place, and yet, where can it be ?”

“ Where, indeed !” repeated Edric ; “ horrors and unaccountable incidents environ us at every step ; I am not naturally timid, yet—”

“ Ah !” screamed the doctor, as he tumbled over a man lying with his face upon the ground ; “ Oh !” groaned he, as Edric and

the guide with difficulty raised him; "would to Heaven I were safe at home again in my own comfortable little study, indulging in pleasing anticipations of that, which I find is any thing in the world but pleasing in reality."

CHAPTER X.

WE left Dr. Entwerfen in the last chapter uttering a very moral, if not a very new, exclamation on the vanity of human expectations; which had scarcely escaped from his lips, ere cruel Fate, resolving not to be accused in vain, supplied him with yet more abundant cause for lamentation. We have before mentioned, that the doctor had stumbled as he quitted the Pyramids, and that his friends raised him from the ground; but what was his consternation and dismay, when on looking round to thank them, he found he was surrounded by armed men, who commanded him in the royal name to surrender! Sadly did the doctor turn his woful eyes upon Edric, but, alas! he was in the same

predicament as himself; and, in spite of their entreaties, they were marched off to prison, without being at all informed of what crime they had committed.

Sadly passed the night, and gloomy dawned the day upon the unfortunate travellers, whose minds were harassed and bewildered by the extraordinary success of their awful experiment, and whose misery was infinitely increased by the suspense they had to suffer, both on account of their ignorance of the crime of which they were accused, and its probable punishment if they should be found guilty. Soon after daybreak, a summons arrived for them to appear, and they were conducted as criminals before the same magistrate who, the day before, had treated them with such officious kindness.

Very different, however, was the solemn judge who, clothed in all the insignia of magisterial dignity, now sate upon the bench, from the easy, good-tempered gentleman of the Pyramids; and the unlucky travellers saw, in an instant, that they were not likely to experience

any favour from their previous acquaintance with him. The court was thronged with people, and the prisoners saw that they were regarded with curiosity, mingled with horror and supernatural fear. It is not agreeable to feel oneself an object of disgust to any one; and though Edric magnanimously and frequently repeated to himself that it was quite indifferent to him what such ignorant wretches as Egyptians thought of him; yet, if he would have avowed the truth, he would have been quite as well contented to have found himself the object of their admiration instead of their hatred; and he would have been very glad to have relinquished both, to have been safely at home again; whilst the doctor openly and loudly lamented the much regretted comforts of his own dear delightful study at Sir Ambrose's. Little time, however, was allowed for reflection; for as soon as the prisoners were placed at the bar their examination commenced.

“So, gentlemen!” said the learned judge, “you stand convicted—no, I mean accused, of a most horrible, heinous, and sacrilegious offence

—an offence that makes our hair start with horror from our heads, and every separate lock rise up in vengeance against you.” The justice paused, that the prisoners might admire his eloquence; but, alas! such was the absorbing nature of self-love, that they were only thinking of what was going to be done with them, and to what this terrible exordium was likely to lead. After a short pause, Edric, supposing they were expected to speak, addressed the judge, and begged to know of what crime they were accused.

“We are strangers,” said he, “and gentlemen. We were attracted to your country by an account of the wonders it contained; we declared our purposes openly; we have affected no concealment; and we have done nothing we need blush to avow—”

A confused murmur ran through the court as he spoke, expressive of the utmost disgust and abhorrence; Edric felt indignant, and he looked round proudly as he added:—

“Yes, I repeat we have done nothing we need blush to avow, and nothing derogatory

to our characters as Englishmen and gentlemen."

"Sorcerers! wizards! demons in disguise!" cried the crowd. "Down with them! burn them! guillotine them! destroy them!"

"Is this fair? is this generous?" asked Edric. "If we have done wrong, let our crime be proved, and we are ready to submit to any punishment you may think proper to inflict; but do not condemn us unheard. In England, every man is deemed innocent until he be proved guilty. You boast of having imported and improved upon all the useful regulations of the mother country, and cannot surely have omitted her most glorious law. Let us then have a fair trial, and God forbid that the course of justice should be impeded!"

"You talk well, Sir," said the judge; "but it's of no use here. My chair, Sir, is made of witch-elm, and the whole court is lined with consecrated wood; so you may take your familiars to another market, for here they will avail you nothing."

"Good God!" exclaimed Edric, wringing

his hands, " what ignorance ! what gross superstition ! And yet, in this man's power are our lives !"

" Oh ! oh !" said the judge, who saw his despair, though he did not exactly know the cause ; " I have brought you to, have I ? Yes, yes ; I tell you, no incantations will be of any avail here ; and so, clerk, call the witnesses."

The first person examined was the man who had been left in charge of the balloon, and he deposed as follows :—" Why, Sir," said he, scratching his head, as though he supposed wisdom dwelt in his fingers, and that their touch might give a little to his brain, " your honour told me to call out the *posse comitatus*, and set a guard of constables over the gentlemen's whirligig ; but I thought as how, seeing it was but a queer-looking thing, and not likely to tempt any body to steal it, I might as well save the gentlemen from throwing their money away upon a parcel of idle fellows, and keep watch over it myself."

" And so get the reward instead of them," observed the judge.

“Why, your honour,” said the fellow, grinning, “I thought they might give something that might do *me* good, but which would be nothing amongst so many.”

“Very true !” remarked the judge ; “Go on, Gregory.”

“Well,” continued Gregory, “as I was sitting there, thinking of nothing at all, and somehow, I believe, I had fallen into a bit of a doze, I heard a queer sort of a buzzing, and I opened my eyes, and there I saw the gentlemen’s whirrigig buzzing and puffing like a steam-engine on fire, and i’ th’ midst o’ the smoke I’ll take my oath I saw the mummy of King Cheops as plain as I see his worship there sitting in his throne.”

“Oh !” groaned the horror-struck crowd ;
“Oh !” groaned the judge and jury.

“Yes,” continued the man ; “I’ll take my oath, if it was the last word I had to speak, that I saw him there vomiting fire, and his big eyes flaring like a fiery furnace.”

“Oh !” groaned the judge, crowd, and jury, a degree louder than before.

“And then,” resumed Gregory, “something went whiz, and off it all fled together like a flash of lightning—”

“Oh!” shrieked the whole Court, in a convulsion of horror. Some of the fair sex in particular screamed and covered their faces, as though they feared the next exploit of the redoubtable magicians would be to blow up the court, and send them all flying after the resuscitated Mummy.

“With your permission, Sir,” said Edric, as soon as the tumult had somewhat abated, “this proves nothing against either my friend or myself. We are, in fact, injured by it, and we have a claim against you instead of your being able to substantiate a charge against us. We left our balloon, containing valuable articles, and money to a considerable amount, in your charge, or, at least, in the custody of a man whom you recommended. When we quitted the Pyramid, we, of course, inquired for our balloon—it had vanished; and instead of making us amends for our loss, you throw us into prison and tell us a wild, extravagant

story of the disappearance of our property, which no man in his senses can possibly believe."

Another confused murmur, though very different in its character from the former, ran through the court on the conclusion of this speech; and the judge, if such an expression be not profane when speaking of a representative of justice, looked most excessively foolish.

"Had not your worship better call the other witnesses?" whispered the clerk, pitying the dilemma of his principal.

"True, true!" said the Lycurgus of Anglo-Egypt; "your observation is premature, young man; when the case has been proved against you, it will be time enough for you to think of your defence."

Edric bowed assent, and the examination continued. The guide was the next witness.

"Well, Samuel," said the judge; "what do you know about this matter?"

"Why, Sir," replied Samuel, "ye see, my dame and I were sitting by the fire, and we'd

got a black pudding, as we was a going to have for our dinners. And so says dame, 'I likes it cut in slices and fried,' and so says I——"

"Hold, fellow!" cried the judge, with great dignity. "Don't abuse the patience of the Court. We have nothing to do with your dame or the black pudding; it is quite irrelevant to the matter now before us. Go on."

But Samuel could not go on; and, like his predecessor in the witness-box, he only stood still and scratched his head.

"Why don't you speak, fellow?" asked the clerk.

"Because I doesn't know what to say," replied Samuel.

"You must tell all you know about this affair," pursued the clerk.

"But I doesn't know where to begin!" rejoined the perplexed witness; "his worship says it is not reverent."

"Begin with the Pyramid," said the judge; "and, if you can, give a clear account of all

that happened after you left the old passage by the moveable block in the wall which was last discovered."

"Why I can't say there was any thing very particular happened, as I know of, Sir," said Samuel, "after that, till we got to the shaft, and then we went down, Sir, you know, till we came to the tomb of King Cheops; and then I turned the gentlemen in by themselves, as we always does, for the 'fect, as Parson Snorum calls it. And then I sits me down i' the vault, to wait for 'em, and I'd just rolled myself up, and was dozed asleep, when I hears such a noise as if the Pyramids were all coming tumbling about my ears. So up I jumped and rubbed my eyes, for I did not know very well where I was; and then I saw something that seemed to strike the torches out of the hands of the two great sitting figures, and extinguish them; and then I saw a great tall figure come gliding by me; and when he came up to the light, I saw his great flaming eyes; and then I fell upon my knees, and he laid hold of my shoulder and griped it. Look,

your honour!" laying bare his shoulder as he spoke, and showing the deeply indented marks of the bony fingers of the Mummy. Again a groan of horror and indignation ran through the Court; and when another witness proved that the sarcophagus of Cheops had been examined, and was found empty, the judge seemed to think it was a clear case, and called triumphantly upon Edric for his defence.

"I do not see that what has been proved," said Edric, shuddering in spite of himself, "can affect either my tutor or myself. These people say that a mummy has revived, and, quitting the Pyramid in which he had been so long immured, has flown away with our balloon: but, supposing the tale to be true, what proof have you that we were at all implicated in the business? We were in the Pyramid, it is true; but so was also this man, whom you have brought forward as a witness against us. Supposing it was the intervention of some human aid that roused the Mummy from its tomb—a fact, by the way, by no means proved, why may not he be the agent instead of us?"

What is there to fix the charge against us? Have we gained any thing by the adventure? Have we not, on the contrary, been serious losers by it? Where is our balloon, and the valuable articles it contained? If we are wizards, it must be confessed that we are very foolish ones; for we have lost our property, and thrown ourselves into prison, without reaping the smallest possible advantage? And if we have the power you seem to attribute to us, why do we stay here to be questioned, when we might so easily fly away in a flame of fire, or turn you all to statues, and walk quietly off without your being able to follow us?"

Every one shuddered, and many turned pale at this speech, seeming to fear that Edric was about to put his suggestions into execution; whilst the judge seemed posed, and in vast perplexity as to what he had better determine;—and the people were dreadfully afraid, lest they might, after all, lose the edifying spectacle of an *auto-da-fé*, for which they had been so impatiently longing.

Edric marked the hesitation of the judge, and endeavoured to improve it to his own advantage.—“For my part,” continued he, “I am a British subject, and as such, under the protection of my own Court; my Sovereign has a consul here, and to him I make my appeal. I am neither ignoble, nor unknown in my own country,—my name is Montagu, and I am brother to the celebrated general of that family,—whose victories, no doubt have reached even this remote province!”

“My dear Mr. Montagu!” said the judge, “I really beg your pardon: why did you not acquaint me sooner with your dignity? I dare say there is no truth at all in the charge:—only assure me upon your honour that you did not touch the mummy, and that you know nothing of what is become of it at present, and I will instantly order you to be set at liberty.”

“I certainly do not know what is become of it,” replied Edric.

“No!” interrupted Dr. Entwerfen, coming forward with the air of a determined martyr,

“ I will not suffer such equivocation. — I would rather perish at the stake, than disavow, for a moment, my opinions, or betray the sacred interests of science with which I feel I am intrusted. No, Sir ! my pupil cannot make the public declaration you require. I know he would not—and he cannot if he would ;—on the contrary, I avow the fact. We came here for the express purpose of endeavouring to resuscitate the mummy of Cheops, and I glory in the proud thought that we have succeeded.” (a groan of horror.) “ Yes, Sir, I do not hesitate to avow openly, that the grand object of my life, for several successive years, has been to detect in what consisted the strange, inexplicable secret of life. We live, Sir,—we die : we are born, and we are buried : we know that time, sickness, or violence, may kill us ; but who can say in what the mysterious principle of life consists ? Various theories have been broached, with which, no doubt, a gentleman of your intelligence and extensive information is well acquainted ;—and life has been successively stated to depend upon the heart, the brain, the circu-

lation of the blood, and the respiration of the lungs. All, however, are fallacious ; the heart has been wounded, and the brain has been removed, and yet the patient has lived, whilst the operations of respiration and circulation have been kept up for hours, in a body from which the vital spirit had departed. Weighing all these and divers other arguments in my mind, it has struck me, and indeed I may say, that after mature deliberation, I have confidently arrived at the conclusion, that both the faculties which we call life and soul depend entirely upon the nervous system. Do not all philosophers agree that we receive ideas merely through the medium of the senses? And can our senses be operated upon otherwise than through the influence of the nerves? Ergo, the nerves alone convey ideas and sensations to the mind—or rather, the nerves alone are the mind. Not a single instance, I believe, is known in which life remained after the sensorium had been destroyed, or even seriously injured. What then can be more simple than to suppose life resides there? Pursuing this idea, I have long

been convinced that where the nervous system remained uninjured, and the appearance of death was only occasioned by a suspension of the operation of the animal functions, that life might be restored, if, by the intervention of any powerful agency, the nervous system could be excited to re-action; and as this, of course, could not be effected where any kind of decomposition had taken place, it appeared to me that a mummy was the only body upon which the experiment could be tried with the least prospect of success. From various circumstances, however, it has never till now been in my power to realize my wishes on this head; but for a few weeks past, my pupil has entertained similar longings to myself; and yesterday saw our hopes accomplished. Yes; I flatter myself there cannot now remain a shadow of doubt to the world, that, in ordinary cases, before decomposition has taken place, resuscitation is not only possible, but probable, and that dead bodies may be easily restored to life."

The horror and consternation produced by this extraordinary speech, amongst the Anglo-

Egyptians who heard it, far exceeded any human powers of description. Their terror at what they considered as the doctor's daring impiety, being considerably augmented by their not understanding above one-tenth part of what he said,—and when he had finished, there was a dead pause which no one dared to interrupt, till a sudden gust of wind happening to blow open the door of the justice's retiring-room, the terrified crowd fell back aghast one upon another, pale and trembling, as though they absolutely expected his Infernal Majesty to appear before them in *propria persona*.

When tranquillity was in some degree restored, the judge ordered the prisoners to be re-conducted to prison.

“After the dangerous and impious speech we have just heard,” said he, “it would be madness to trust such suspected persons at large; and yet, I would willingly take time to consider the case, and to ascertain whether this young man be indeed the person he represents himself; as, I own, I should be sorry to inflict the full penalty of the law upon the brother

of her Britannic Majesty's Commander-in-chief."

Remonstrance was useless, and the prisoners were again conducted to their dungeon, where they were heavily chained, and left to ruminate upon the calamities that had befallen them. Far from agreeable were these meditations; for Edric was too angry with the doctor's ill-timed candour to be inclined to speak; and the doctor was too much ashamed of the effect already produced by his eloquence, to wish to make any farther display of it. At length, as his eyes became accustomed to the faint glimmering light admitted into the dungeon, he perceived the wall to which he was chained was covered with hieroglyphics, and endeavoured to divert his chagrin by examining them.

"I congratulate you, Sir," said Edric, when he perceived this, feeling rather indignant at his tutor's coolness—"I congratulate you most sincerely upon your philosophy, and most earnestly do I wish that I could imitate it."

"Ah, Edric!" returned the doctor, "all men are not equally gifted."

“ With either the art of making blunders, or forgetting them,” said Edric pointedly.

“ These hieroglyphics are very curious,” observed the doctor, who had his own reasons for not wishing to pursue the subject; “ see how beautifully the ancient Egyptians worked in granite. The fine polish they contrived to give this hard substance would be perfectly astonishing, if we did not recollect that they always edged their tools with emerald dust.”

“ Humph !” said Edric, in a tone which seemed to imply “ and what does it matter to me if they did ?” The doctor, however, was unabashed, and continued : “ You see, as usual, the figure of the bull is frequently repeated here. This wall is evidently built of stones gathered from some ancient ruin. By the way, Edric, I don’t think I ever explained to you why the ancient Egyptians chose a bull as one of their deities, or, rather, as their principal one. You know, that anciently the year began in Taurus, though, by the precession of the equinox, it has now advanced past Aries. Well, as the ancient Egyptians found that the sun

began its career in Taurus, what could be more natural than that they should identify a bull with the vivifying principle? The same theory may account for that legend of the Chaldeans which supposes the world to have been produced by a bull's striking chaos with his Horn—which horn, by the way, was probably the origin of the fable of Amalthea, or the Horn of Plenty.”

Edric made no reply, and the doctor dreading a pause, which might give his pupil an opportunity of upbraiding him, went on:—

“ Though the Egyptians had a number of divinities, they clearly worshipped only two, viz. the principles of good and evil. Osiris, Isis, Cneph, Phath, Horus, and all their host of inferior deities, were clearly types of the first, and light and life were their essence; whilst Typhon, Campsa, and the malignant deities, exemplified the second, and their attributes were invariably darkness and death.”

“ For Heaven's sake !” cried Edric, “ say no more upon the subject, for it is not in the power of language to describe the horror I have at the

mere thought of any thing Egyptian. Let us escape from this fearful country, and I most sincerely hope nothing may ever happen to recall even its recollection to my imagination."

"Such and so changeable are the desires of human life!" said the doctor. "But a few short weeks since, Egypt was the goal of your wishes, and the prospect of re-animating a corpse—"

"Oh! do not mention it!" cried Edric, shuddering. "O God! how justly am I punished, by the very fulfilment of my unhallowed hopes!—even now the fearful eyes of that hideous Mummy seem to glare upon me; and even now I feel the gripe of its horrid bony fingers on my arm!"

"Oh yes, no doubt!" exclaimed the doctor, "he pinched hard. He was a king, and kings should have strong arms, you know."

"For God's sake! do not jest upon such a subject," returned Edric; "a subject so wild and fearful, that I can still scarcely believe but that all which has passed was a dream."

"If it be," said the doctor, "it is one from which I freely avow I should be very happy to

awake, for I must confess this prison is not at all to my taste."

"And yet, is it not your fault—?" began Edric.

"Recrimination, Edric, is always folly," interrupted the doctor, who did not now feel very proud of the part he had acted before the magistrate, nor very anxious to have it alluded to;—"and instead of losing time in regretting past errors, it is the part of a wise man to endeavour to find means of remedying them, and avoiding them in future."

"Agreed!" returned Edric; "and as I presume you are now convinced your learned dissertation on the probable seat of human life was, to say the least, ill-timed, we will drop the subject. But, even if we get out of prison, what is to become of us? Our money and valuables were all in the balloon; and here we are, in a foreign country, entirely destitute."

"Not entirely, Edric—not entirely!" cried the doctor, a glow of satisfaction spreading itself again over his face; "no, no; I have guarded against that; ah, what a thing it is to

have foresight ! Well ! some persons are certainly singularly gifted in that line, and it is a happy thing for you that you have somebody to think for you. See here !” displaying the things as he spoke ; “ here is a bed, bolster, and pillows, ready for inflation ; a portable bedstead, linen, soap, pens, ink, paper, candles, fire, knives, forks, spoons, and money ; all snugly packed up in my walking-stick !”

“ Your supporter,” returned Edric, smiling, “ as you used to call it ; and as it now seems likely to prove, in more senses than one.”

“ Yes, yes !” cried the doctor, “ only let us get out of prison, and all the rest will be easy.”

“ But that *only*, doctor.”

“ Of that, we must take time to consider.”

“ Well, it is some comfort that we are likely to be allowed time enough, as my hint respecting the British consul did not seem thrown away upon the judge. Oh, doctor, if you had not spoken !”

“ Why, surely you would not have given him the declaration he required ?”

“ There was no occasion. He neither wished nor expected more than I had already said. After what I had mentioned of my family, he only wished a decent pretext for setting us at liberty.”

“ At any rate,” said the doctor, by way of changing the subject, “ you see my doctrine is proved completely by the resuscitation of the Mummy, for it must have been perfectly restored to life and consciousness, or it could not have flown away with our balloon.”

“ For my part,” returned Edric, “ I can scarcely believe what has occurred to be real : there must be some deception. And yet, by whom can a deception have been practised, and for what purpose? In short, I am quite bewildered.”

The doctor being much in the same condition, could only sympathize with his pupil ; and in this state we must leave them, whilst we inquire respecting the mysterious object of their speculations.

The Mummy thus strangely recalled to life, was indeed Cheops ! and horrible were the sen-

sations that throbbed through every nerve as returning consciousness brought with it all the pangs of his former existence, and renewed circulation thrilled through every vein. His first impulse was to quit the tomb in which he had been so long immured, and seek again the regions of light and day. Instinct seemed to guide him to this; for, as yet, a mist hung over his faculties, and ideas thronged in painful confusion through his mind, which he was incapable of either arranging or analyzing.

When, however, he reached the plain, light and air seemed to revive him and restore his scattered senses; and, gazing wildly around, he exclaimed, "Where am I? what place is this? Methinks all seems wondrous, new, and strange! Where is my father? And where! oh, where, is my Arsinöe? Alas, alas!" continued he wildly; "I had forgotten—I hoped it was a dream, a fearful dream, for methinks I have been long asleep. Was it, indeed, reality? Are all, all gone? And was that hideous scene true?—those horrors, which still haunt my memory like a ghastly vision? Speak! speak!" conti-

nued he, his voice rising in thrilling energy as he spoke—"speak! let me hear the sound of another's voice, before my brain is lost in madness. Have I entered Hades, or am I still on earth?—yes, yes, it is still the earth, for there the mighty Pyramid I caused to be erected towers behind me. Yet where is Memphis? where my forts and palaces? What a dark, smoky mass of buildings now surrounds me!—Can this be the once proud Queen of Cities? I see no palaces, no temples—Memphis is fallen. The mighty barrier that protected her splendour from the waste of waters, must have been swept away by the encroaching inroads of the swelling Nile. But is this the Nile?" continued he, looking wildly upon the river; "sure I must be deceived. It is the fatal river of the dead. No papyrine boats glide smoothly on its surface; but strange, infernal vessels, vomiting forth volumes of fire and smoke. Holy Osiris, defend me! where am I? where have I been? A misty veil seems thrown upon the face of nature. Awake, awake!"

cried he, with a scream of agony; "set me free; I did not mean to slay him!" Then throwing himself violently upon the ground, he lay for some moments, apparently insensible. Then slowly rising, he looked at himself, and a deep, unnatural shuddering convulsed his whole frame. His sensations of identity became confused, and he recoiled with horror from himself: "These are the trappings of a mummy!" murmured he in a hollow whisper. "Am I then dead?" The next instant, however, he broke into a wild laugh of derision:—"Poor, feeble wretch!" cried he; "what do I fear?—Need *I* tremble, in whose bosom dwells everlasting fire? Let me rather rejoice. I cannot be more wretched; why should I dread a change? I welcome it with transport, and dare my future fate."

At this moment the car of the balloon caught his eye: "Ah! what is that?" cried he; "I am summoned! 'Tis the boat of Hecate, ready to ferry me across the Mærian Lake, to learn my final doom. I come! I come! I fear no

judgment! *My hell is here!*" and, striking his bosom, he leaped into the car, and stamped violently against its sides.

At this instant Gregory awoke, and his terror was not surprising. The dried distorted features of the Mummy looked yet more hideous than before, when animated by human passions, and his deep hollow voice, speaking in a language he did not understand, fell heavily upon his ear, like the groans of fiends. Gregory tried to scream, but he could not utter a sound. He attempted to fly, but his feet seemed nailed to the spot on which he stood, and he remained with his eyes fixed upon the Mummy, gasping for breath, while a cold sweat distilled from every pore. In the mean time, Cheops had stumbled over the box containing the apparatus for making inflammable air, and striking it violently, had unintentionally set the machinery in motion. The pipes, tubes, and bellows, instantly began to work; and the Indian-rubber bottle became gradually inflated, till it swelled to an enormous magnitude, and fluttered in the air like an imprisoned bird,

beating itself against the massive walls to which it was still attached.

“Still it goes not,” cried Cheops, again stamping impatiently. The quicksilver vapour bottle had fallen beneath his feet, and it broke as he trod upon it. The vapour burst from it with inconceivable violence, and tearing the balloon from its fastenings, sent it off through the air, like an arrow darting from a bow.

CHAPTER XI.

IN the mean time, Sir Ambrose Montagu had attended the Duke to the Queen's drawing-room. The splendour of the English Court at this period defies description. The walls of the room in which the Queen received her guests, were literally one blaze of precious stones, and these being disposed in the form of bouquets, wreaths, and trophies, were so contrived as to quiver with every movement. These magnificent walls were relieved by a colonnade of pillars of solid gold, around which were twined wreaths of jewels fixed also upon elastic gold wires, so as to tremble every instant. The throne of the Queen was formed of gold filagree beautifully wrought, richly chased and superbly

ornamented, whilst behind it was an immense plate of looking-glass, stretching the whole length and height of the apartment, and giving the whole the effect of a fairy palace. The carpet spread upon the floor of this sumptuous saloon was so exact an imitation of green moss, with exquisitely beautiful groups of flowers thrown carelessly upon it, that a heedless spectator might have been completely deceived by the delicacy of their shape and richness of their colouring, and have stooped to pick them up, supposing them to be real. The suit of rooms appropriated to dancing was equally splendid, and fitted up in the same manner, save that the floors were painted to imitate the effect of the carpet, and rows of trees were placed on each side, hung with lamps. This imitative grove was so exquisitely managed, that the spectator could scarcely believe it artificial; and the music for dancing proceeded from its leaves, or from automaton birds placed carelessly amongst its branches.

The dresses of the Queen and her attendants were worthy of the apartment they occupied.

Brocaded silks, cloth of gold, embroidered velvets, gold and silver tissues, and gossamer nets made of the spider's web, were mingled with precious stones and superb plumes of feathers in a profusion quite beyond description. The most beautiful of the female habiliments, were robes made of woven asbestos, which glittered in the brilliant light like molten silver. The ladies were all arrayed in loose trowsers, over which hung drapery in graceful folds; and most of them carried on their heads, streams of lighted gas forced by capillary tubes, into plumes, fleurs-de-lis, or in short any form the wearer pleased; which *jets de feu* had an uncommonly chaste and elegant effect. The gentlemen were all clothed in the Spanish style, with slashed sleeves, short cloaks, and large hats, ornamented with immense plumes of ostrich feathers, it being considered in those days extremely vulgar to appear with the head uncovered. It would be difficult, perhaps, to imagine more perfect models of male and female beauty than those which now adorned

the Court of Queen Claudia, for the *beau ideal* of the painter's fancy seemed realized, nay surpassed by the noble living figures there collected. The women were particularly lovely, and as they stood gathered round their Queen, or lightly threaded the mazes of the graceful dance, dressed as above described, their brows bound with circlets of precious stones, and their glossy hair hanging in rich luxuriant ringlets upon their ivory shoulders, they looked like a group of Houris, or the nymphs of Circe, ready with sparkling eyes and witching voices to lure men to destruction.

Claudia was very handsome, and though her countenance wanted expression, her noble figure and majestic bearing well qualified her to play her part as Queen amongst this bevy of beauties, with becoming dignity. There is something in the habit of command, when it has been long enjoyed, that gives an imposing majesty to the manner, which the parvenu great strive in vain to imitate; and Claudia had this in perfection. The consciousness of beauty, power, and high

birth swelled in her bosom; and even when she wished to be affable, she was only condescending.

She now, however, received Sir Ambrose most graciously; she gave him her snowy hand to kiss, and addressed a few words of compliment to him, which sank deep into his heart. It is one of the privileges of greatness easily to excite emotion; one word of commendation from those above us, far outweighs all the laboured flattery of our inferiors. Thus the words of Claudia, and the warm praise she bestowed on Edmund, gave the purest transport to his father's heart; and affected him so violently, that he would have fallen at her feet, had he not been supported by Father Morris, who stood near him.

“ I leave you in excellent hands, Sir Ambrose,” said Claudia, smiling; “ I have known Father Morris from my cradle, and estimate him as one of my dearest and best friends.”

So saying, the Queen passed on, whilst Father Morris, with pallid lips and quivering limbs, conducted the Baronet to a sofa, under

the shade of the harmonious trees before mentioned. The agitation of the priest was so marked and so unusual, that notwithstanding Sir Ambrose's indisposition, he could not avoid noticing it.

“ Good Heavens ! what is the matter with you, Father Morris ? ” exclaimed the Baronet. “ I—I—I believe that I am ill, ” stammered the priest, hastening to fetch a glass of water. By the time he returned, all traces of agitation had vanished from his countenance ; and the mind of Sir Ambrose was too much occupied with the thought of Edmund, to suffer him to dwell long upon the circumstance.

The following day was appointed for the triumphal entry of Lord Edmund, and the greatest part of the night preceding it, was passed by Sir Ambrose in the greatest agitation. He could not sleep ; and he rose several times from his bed, in excessive anxiety, to listen for the repetition of noises which he fancied he heard : once he opened his window— all was still. His room looked into the garden of the palace, which, as we have already men-

tioned, shelved down to the Thames, and the calm moonlight slept peacefully upon the tall, thick trees, and verdant lawn that spread before him. The evening breeze felt cool and refreshing; but Sir Ambrose sighed, and a strange fear of something he could not wholly define hung over him.

He again retired to bed, and at length sank into a feverish and uneasy dose. At daybreak, a thundering of cannon announced the arrival of the important day. Sir Ambrose started from his pillow at the first discharge, and the solemn sound thrilled through every nerve as it pealed along the sky. Scarcely had its echoes died upon the ear, when another, and another peal succeeded; and the heart of Sir Ambrose throbbed in his bosom almost to suffocation, as he sat, resting his head upon his hands, and striving, though ineffectually, to stop his ears from the solemn sound, which seemed to absorb his every faculty, and strike almost with the force of a blow upon his nerves.

Whilst he was still in this position, Father

Morris entered the room.—“Come, come, Sir Ambrose!” cried he, “are you not ready? The Queen has sent for us, and the procession is just ready to set off.”—Sir Ambrose started: he attempted to dress himself, but his trembling hands refused to perform their office, and Father Morris and Abelard were obliged to attire him, and lead him down to join his friend, the duke, who was waiting for him impatiently.

It has often been said that the anticipation of pleasure is always greater than the reality: this, however, was not the case in the present instance, as the brilliancy of Lord Edmund's triumph was far greater than even the imaginations of the spectators had before dared to conceive. The duke and Sir Ambrose, attended by Father Morris, found the individuals who were to compose the procession of the Queen assembled in the extensive gardens belonging to the superb palace of Somerset House. These fine gardens, spreading their verdant groves along the banks of the river, adorned by all the charms of nature and art, and enriched by some of the finest specimens of

sculpture in the world, were now crowded with all the beauty and rank of England, who, waiting for the arrival of their Sovereign, formed an *ensemble* no other nation in the world could hope to imitate.

In the centre walk, appeared the superb Arabian charger of the Queen, led by his grooms, and magnificently caparisoned. His bridle was studded with precious stones, and his hoofs cased in gold; whilst his blue satin saddle and housings were richly embroidered and fringed with the same metal. The noble animal, whose flowing mane and tail swept the ground, paced proudly along, tossing his head on high, and spurning the ground on which he trod, as though conscious he should perform a conspicuous part in the grand pageant about to take place. All now was ready, but yet Queen Claudia did not appear.

“It is very strange, but lately it is always so,” said Lord Maysworth to Lord Gustavus de Montfort, who had been for some time engaged in earnest conversation with Father Morris. Lord Gustavus started at the sound of his

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friend's voice in some apparent confusion, whilst Father Morris replied in his usual soft, insinuating tones, "Perhaps her Majesty may be indisposed, and may have slept rather longer than usual."

"Most likely," returned Lord Maysworth; "yet it is strange the same thing should happen so often.—If you remember," continued he, again addressing Lord Gustavus, "I made the same observation the morning of her last levee. Indeed I have frequently made it lately, and I have observed that she looks pale and languid."

"Here she comes, at any rate! and for my part, I think I never saw her look better," said Dr. Hardman, who had now joined them, and who, notwithstanding his violent politics, was one of the physicians of the Court. The indolence of Claudia, which, indeed, seemed daily increasing, having induced her to overlook what another Sovereign would have resented.

Claudia did indeed look well, and her dress suited well with her style of beauty. Her

trowsers and vest were of pale blue satin; whilst over her shoulders was thrown a long flowing drapery of asbestos silk, which hanging in graceful folds, swept the ground as she walked along, shining in the sun like a robe of woven silver. On her head, she wore a splendid tiara of diamonds; and in her hand, she bore the regal sceptre, surmounted by a dove, and richly ornamented with precious stones. Thus gorgeously attired, surrounded by the ladies of her household, she issued from her palace; and whilst her kneeling subjects bent in humble homage around her, she mounted her noble charger. Cannon were now fired in rapid succession; the bells of every church rang in merry peals, and martial music mingled in the clamour. The palace gates were thrown open, and the procession poured from them along the streets, where crowds of people bustled to and fro, eager to catch a glimpse of the sumptuous spectacle.

First advanced a long double line of monks, arrayed in sacerdotal pomp, and bearing immensely thick lighted tapers in their hands,

chanting thanksgiving for the victory. They were followed by chorister-boys, flinging incense from silver vases, that hung suspended by chains in their hands, and chanting also; their shrill trebles mingling with the deep bass voices of the priests in rich and mellow harmony. The Queen next appeared, her prancing charger led by grooms, whilst beautiful girls, elegantly attired, walked on each side of their Sovereign, scattering flowers in her path from fancy baskets made of wrought gold. Behind the Queen, rode the ladies of her household and the principal nobles of her Court, the superb plumes of ostrich feathers in the large Spanish hats of the latter, with their immense mustachios, and open shirt collars, giving them the air of some of Vandyck's best pictures. As they rode slowly along, their noble Arabians paced proudly, and champed the bit, impatient of restraint.

The ladies of the Court, superbly dressed in open litters, next appeared, borne upon the shoulders of men splendidly clad in rich liveries. Amongst these, were Elvira and Rosabella.

These were followed by monks and boys as before, but singing a somewhat different strain. It was now a chant of glory and triumph that swelled upon the ear, for these preceded the duke and Sir Ambrose; who, the one as uncle to the Queen, and the other as father of the expected hero, occupied the post of honour. The two venerable old men sate hand-in-hand in a sumptuous car drawn by two Arabian horses, and were followed by a large body of the Queen's guards.

The costliness and variety of the dresses worn this day were quite beyond description. Many of the ladies had turbans of woven glass; whilst others carried on their hats very pretty fountains made of glass dust, which, being thrown up in little jets by a small perpetual motion wheel, sparkled in the sun like real water, and had a very singular effect.

In this manner the procession advanced towards Blackheath Square, said to be the largest and finest in the world, where the meeting between the Queen and her general was appointed to take place. Amongst the numerous bal-

loons that floated in the air, enjoying this magnificent spectacle, was one containing Father Murphy, Clara, Mrs. Russel and Abelard—Clara's youth preventing her joining in the procession—and nothing could be more enthusiastic than their delight, as they looked down upon the splendid scene below them. Few things, indeed, could be imagined finer than the sight of this gorgeous *cortege*, winding slowly along a magnificent street, supposed to be five miles long, leading from Blackfriar's Bridge, through Greenwich, to Blackheath.

Sumptuous rows of houses, or rather palaces, lined the sides of this superb street; the terraces and balconies before which were crowded with persons of all ages, beautifully attired, waving flags of different colours, richly embroidered and fringed with gold, whilst festoons of the choicest flowers hung from house to house. We have already said the air was thronged with balloons, and the crowd increased every moment. These aerial machines, loaded with spectators till they were in danger of breaking down, glittered in the sun,

and presented every possible variety of shape and colour. In fact, every balloon in London or the vicinity had been put in requisition, and enormous sums paid, in some cases, merely for the privilege of hanging to the cords which attached the cars, whilst the innumerable multitudes that thus loaded the air, amused themselves by scattering flowers upon the heads of those who rode beneath.

Besides balloons, a variety of other modes of conveyance fluttered in the sky. Some dandies bestrode aërial horses, inflated with inflammable gas; whilst others floated upon wings, or glided gently along, reclining gracefully upon aërial sledges, the last being contrived so as to cover a sufficient column of air for their support. As the procession approached the river, the scene became still more animated; innumerable barges of every kind and description shot swiftly along, or glided smoothly over the sparkling water. Some floated with the tide in large boat-like shoes; whilst others, reclining on couch-shaped

cars, formed of mother of pearl, were drawn forward by inflated figures representing the deities or monsters of the deep.

When the Queen reached a spot near Greenwich, where, through a spacious opening, the river, in all its glorious majesty, burst upon her, she paused, and commanded her trumpeters to advance and sound a flourish. They obeyed, and after a short pause were answered by those of Lord Edmund; the sound, mellowed by the distance, pealing along the water in dulcet harmony. Delighted with this response, which announced the arrival of Lord Edmund and his troops at the appointed place, the procession of the Queen was again set in motion, and in a short time arrived at Blackheath.

The noble square in which the meeting was to take place, was already thronged with soldiers; whilst every house that surrounded it was covered with spectators. No trees or fantastical ornaments spoiled the simple grandeur of this immense space; the houses that surrounded it, built in exact uniformity, each

having a peristyle supported by Corinthian pillars, and a highly decorated façade, looked like so many Athenian temples. As the *cortege* of the Queen entered the square, the soldiers formed an opening to receive it, and reverentially knelt on each side, with reversed arms, and bending banners as she passed. In the centre was Lord Edmund, surrounded by his staff, all in polished armour; for since an invention had been discovered of rendering steel perfectly flexible, it had been generally used in war. Lord Edmund's helmet was thrown off, and his fine countenance was displayed to the greatest advantage, as he and his officers threw themselves from their war-steeds to kneel before the Queen. Claudia, also, descended from her charger, and as she stood in her glittering robes, surrounded on all sides by her kneeling subjects, she looked, indeed, their Sovereign. With becoming dignity, she addressed a few words of thanks and commendation to Lord Edmund; whose graceful figure was shown to the utmost advantage, as he knelt before her, his thick, dark, brown hair falling in clustering

curls over his noble forehead : and his elegant form attired in a suit of closely fitting armour, over which, upon the present occasion, was thrown a short cloak of fine scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold, and fastened in front by a cord and superb tassals, made entirely of the same metal. In short, he looked a living personification of the God of War.

The Queen raised him from the ground in the most gracious manner; and then turning to the still kneeling soldiers, she made a short speech to them, of the same nature as that which she had addressed to Lord Edmund: after which, again mounting her palfrey, she made Lord Edmund ride by her side, and prepared to return to town. Edmund's quick eye had discovered, and exchanged looks of affection with his father and friends, though the etiquette of his present situation did not permit him to do more; and he now rode proudly by the side of the Queen, gracefully bowing to the assembled crowd as he passed, his heart beating with pleasure at the thought that his triumph was witnessed by those most

dear to him ; whilst his noble Arabian prancing forward, tossed his head and champed his bit as though he also knew the part he was performing in the splendid ceremony.

Acclamations rent the sky as the procession advanced, and showers of roses were rained down upon the Queen and her General from the balloons above ; from which, also, flags waved in graceful folds, and flapped in the wind, as the balloons floated along the sky. Every one seemed delighted with the grandeur of this splendid pageant ; but no one experienced more pleasure than Clara Montagu and her companions ; the raptures of Mrs. Russel being so excessive, that, like the spectators of the stag-hunt on the lake of Killarney, she was in imminent danger of throwing herself overboard in her ecstasy ; whilst Clara clasped her hands together, in all the transports of childish delight, her sparkling eyes and animated looks bearing ample witness to her gratification.

“ What shouting ! what a noise ! ” exclaimed Abelard ; “ I declare it puts me in mind of the

acclamations in the time of Nero, when the Romans shouted in concert, and birds fell from the skies with the noise!"

"How well the Queen looks!" observed Mrs. Russel. "It was said a short time since, that she had lost her appetite and could get no rest; but I think she doesn't seem to have much the matter with her now."

"Evelina says she's being poisoned," cried Clara, "and that the people say that it would be no great matter if she was, for then they would have to choose a Queen for themselves, and they might make what terms they pleased with her."

An awkward pause followed this speech which no one seemed inclined to break, till Clara exclaimed, "Dear me! what a pretty horse my cousin Edmund rides!"

"I think that's a purtier comes afther him," said Father Murphy.

"What, that one with his head hanging down and his mane sweeping the ground?" asked Mrs. Russel.

"Yes.—And sure, it's a very purty young

man that walks by the side of him ; so he is," replied Father Murphy.

" His hands are chained, so you see he is a prisoner ;" observed Abelard.

" Sure, and it 's a barbarous custom that of putting chains about the hands of the prisoners," said Father Murphy, " as if it was not bad enough to be a prisoner without looking like one."

" Poor fellow !" cried Clara, " I should like to go and let him loose. He looks very melancholy !"

" How great Lord Edmund looks !" exclaimed Mrs. Russel : " I declare if he were a real king he couldn't have a grander appearance. And then to see the poor old gentleman his father, sitting there hand-in-hand with my master. I declare it does my heart good to look at them !"

Whilst the occupiers of the balloons were thus enjoying the splendid scene below them, the pleasure of the exalted personages they admired, had not been inferior to their own. The Duke in particular, seemed almost out

of his senses with joy. His impatience during the whole procession from London had been excessive; and the moment he saw Edmund, he rubbed his hands in ecstasy, and jumping up in his seat almost overturned Sir Ambrose, who was also bending forward eagerly gazing upon his son.

“There! there he is!” cried the Duke. “See how handsome he looks! Oh the young rogue! there’ll be many a heart lost to-day, I warrant me! Look at him, how the colour comes into his cheeks when the Queen speaks to him! Now he helps her on her horse—and now see, he’s looking round for us! There I caught his eye—Look, Sir Ambrose! don’t you see him?—Surely you arn’t crying, my old friend? Why you’ll make me as great a fool as yourself—God bless him! I am sure I don’t know any thing we have to cry at; but we are two old simpletons.”

Father Morris, who had joined the procession of monks, was almost as much affected as his patron. Indeed his affection for Edmund seemed the only human passion remaining in

his ascetic breast. Cold even to frigidity in his exterior, Father Morris seemed to regard the scenes passing around him but as the moving figures of a magic lantern, which glittered for a moment in glowing colours, and then vanished into darkness, leaving no trace behind :—whilst he, unmoved as the wall over which the gaudy but shadowy pageant had passed, saw them alternately vanish and re-appear without the slightest emotion being excited in his mind. Under this statue-like appearance, however, Father Morris concealed passions as terrific as those which might be supposed to throb in the breast of a demon : though never did his self-command seem relaxed for a moment, but when the interests of Edmund were in question. On the present occasion, joy swelled in his bosom almost to suffocation, as he raised his eyes to Heaven, and, wringing his hands together, exclaimed, “ Oh ! it is too—too much ! ”

There is something indescribably affecting in seeing strong emotion expressed by those who are generally calm and unimpassioned ; thus

Sir Ambrose, by whom this burst of feeling was quite unexpected, gazed at the confessor with the utmost surprise, and strange to tell, though he had known him nearly twenty years, it was the first time he had seen his head completely uncovered. Father Morris's cowl had now fallen off entirely, and displayed the head of a man between forty and fifty, whose fine features bore the traces of what he had endured. His noble expressive brow seemed wrinkled more by care than age, and his sable locks had evidently become "grizzled here and there," prematurely. Sir Ambrose gazed upon him intently, for the peculiar expression of his features seemed to recall some half-forgotten circumstance to his mind, dimly obscured, however, by the mist of time. The earnestness with which he regarded the monk, seemed at length to remind the latter of his imprudence. He started, and, whilst a deep crimson flushed his usually sallow countenance, he hastily resumed his cowl, and appeared again to the eyes of the spectators, the same cold, unimpassioned, abstracted being as before.

The ovation had now nearly reached Blackfriars' bridge, at the entrance to which, a triumphal arch had been erected. The moment the Queen and her heroic general passed under it, a small figure of Fame was contrived to descend from the entablature, and, hovering over the hero, to drop a laurel crown upon his head. Shouts of applause followed this well-executed device; and the passengers in the balloons wondering at the noise, all pressed forward at the same moment to ascertain the cause of such continued acclamations. The throng of balloons became thus every instant more dense, whilst some young city apprentices having hired each a pair of wings for the day, and not exactly knowing how to manage them, a dreadful tumult ensued; and the balloons became entangled with the winged heroes and each other in inextricable confusion.

The noise now became tremendous; the conductors of the balloons swearing at each other the most refined oaths, and the ladies screaming in concert. Several balloons were rent in the scuffle and fell with tremendous force upon the

earth; whilst some cars were torn from their supporting ropes, and others roughly upset. Luckily, however, the whole of England was at this time so completely excavated, that falling upon the surface of the earth was like tumbling upon the parchment of an immense drum, and consequently only a deep hollow sound was returned as cargo after cargo of the demolished balloons struck upon it; though some of them rebounded several yards with the violence of the shock.

Amongst those who fell from the greatest height, and of course rebounded most violently, were the unfortunate individuals who accompanied Clara, an unlucky apprentice having poked his right wing through the silk of their balloon, in endeavouring to avoid the charge of an ærial horseman, who found his Æolian steed too difficult to manage in the confusion. The car containing our friends was in consequence precipitated to earth so rapidly, as for the moment to deprive them of breath.

“Sure, and I’m killed entirely!” cried Father Murphy.

“ Oh, my bonnet ! my beautiful bonnet ! ” sobbed Mrs. Russel ; whilst Clara, dreadfully frightened, began to cry ; and Abelard, whose ideas were generally a long time travelling to his brain, particularly upon occasions of sudden alarm, stood completely silent, stupidly gazing about him, as though he had not the least notion what could possibly have happened. Indeed, it was not till a full hour afterwards, that he found himself sufficiently recovered to exclaim, “ Dear me ! I do think we were very near being killed ! ”

The confusion in the air still continued ; piercing screams that demons were amongst them, mingled horribly with the crashing of balloons, the cries of the sufferers, and the successive falling of heavy weights. The situation of the crowd below, however, was infinitely worse than that of those above. The momentum of the falling bodies being fearfully increased by the distance they had to descend, those beneath had no chance of escape, and were inevitably crushed to death by the weight, whilst the agonizing shrieks of the unfortunate

wretches who saw their danger coming from a distance, yet were so jammed together in the crowd that they could not fly, rang shrilly upon the ear, and pierced through every heart.

At this moment a dreadful scream ran through the crowd, and the horse of Queen Claudia, his bridle broken, his housings torn, his nostrils distended, and his sides streaming with gore, rushed past—"Oh God! the Queen! the Queen!" burst from every voice, and one general rush took place towards the spot from whence the cry had proceeded.

Beneath the triumphal arch, and partially sheltered by its shade, lay the bleeding body of Claudia, supported by Edmund. By her side, knelt Rosabella, who, assisted by Father Morris, was applying restoratives; whilst Henry Seymour was endeavouring to restore Elvira, who had fainted in his arms, and Sir Ambrose, his face streaming with blood, stood at a little distance amongst a group of courtiers, several of whom had also experienced severe injuries. The tumult in the air still continued; groans and shrieks and exclamations, that the at-

mosphere was supernaturally haunted, were heard in many places; and some persons declared the accident to be the work of demons. A current of wind had blown those balloons that had become unmanageable across the city, while the others, their occupiers, terrified almost to madness appeared still contending with some fearful monster in the sky.

The courtiers, however, heeded not this disturbance; for all their attention was occupied by the apparently expiring Queen, whose long-drawn sighs, and convulsed bosom, seemed to threaten her instant dissolution.

"She's gone!" cried Lord Gustavus de Montfort, as her bosom heaved with a deep, heavy sigh, and then all was still.

"Yes, she's dead!" repeated Lord Noodle.

"She is certainly dead!" reiterated Lord Doodle.

And then these sapient counsellors of the apparently departed Queen shook their wise heads in sympathy.

"Hush! she breathes!" cried Lord Edmund.

For some moments, the courtiers stood in breathless anxiety watching the body, and fearing to move lest they should break the awful silence that prevailed, though their hearts throbbed till the pulsations were almost audible.

Fearful was the pause that now ensued ! All were suffering from the torments of hope or fear ; for all knew that the interests of the whole community hung upon her breath. Most of the courtiers either hoped to gain places, or feared to lose them, whilst all trembled at the uncertainty that seemed to rest upon their future destiny, and the prospect of the anarchy which the purposed mode of electing their future Sovereign might create. The interest which the fate of the Queen excited was thus intense, and the courtiers hung over her body with streaming eyes and motionless limbs to watch the result.

At this instant, a fearful and tremendous yell ran through the air ; and the car containing the Mummy, which had been for some time entangled with the other balloons, fell

to the ground with tremendous force, close to the expiring Queen. The gigantic figure of Cheops started from it as it fell—his ghastly eyes glaring with unnatural lustre upon the terrified courtiers, who ran screaming with agony in all directions, forgetting every thing but the horrid vision before them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE tumult had now nearly subsided. The late busy crowd fled, uttering shrieks of horror and dismay; and of all the countless mass of human beings that had so lately thronged around, none remained save Edmund and Father Morris, who supported Claudia; and the Duke and Henry Seymour, who still remained near the insensible form of Elvira; whilst they, pale and immoveable as the sculptured marble of the tomb, their eyes chained as though by magic, upon the horrid vision before them, waiting in fearful expectation of what was next to happen, scarcely daring to move or breathe, the solemn silence that prevailed being only broken by the convulsive

gasps of the expiring Queen, presented an awful change from the busy hum of thousands which had so lately filled the air.

“Where am I?” exclaimed Cheops, gazing wildly around—his deep sepulchral voice thrilling through every nerve:—“Where is Arsinœe? They seize her! They tear her from me. Curses on the wretches!—May Typhon’s everlasting vengeance pursue them; and may their hearts wither, gnawed by the never-dying snake!”

The Mummy gnashed his teeth as he spoke, and the gloom which gathered on his dark brow grew black as night. All shuddered as that horrid glance of eternal hatred seemed to freeze their blood. They turned away involuntarily; and when they looked again, the spectre had disappeared. The shattered remains of the balloon alone lay before them rent to atoms; for happening to cross London just at the moment of the greatest confusion, it had become entangled in the crowd, and, notwithstanding the strong material of which it was composed, it

had been torn asunder in the scuffle, and had fallen with its fearful occupier to the ground.

“Good God!” cried Father Morris, after a short pause; “what a horrid vision! what can it mean?”

“It seemed an Egyptian Mummy,” said Edmund, shuddering; “and it spoke that language. But what can have resuscitated it? What human power can have recalled to life, a being so long immured in the silent tomb!”

“Perhaps the vehicle in which it came may contain something to explain the mystery,” said Henry Seymour.

At this moment several persons ran past, screaming with terror, and exclaiming that they had seen a demon. When the confusion excited by these trembling fugitives had a little subsided, a few of the courtiers began also to make their appearance, and return to their posts near the Queen. But all were pale, starting at every sound, and seeming ready, at the least alarm, to take flight again as expeditiously as before.

Claudia still lay insensible; her heaving

chest and deep convulsive sobs for breath, alone betraying signs of life. But her fate no longer excited a deep, overwhelming interest. Whispers of wonder and superstitious horror mingled with the hopes and fears inspired by her danger ; and her removal to the palace was almost regarded with indifference, so completely were the minds of men occupied by the strange spectacle they had so lately witnessed.

Every one, indeed, neither thought nor spoke of any thing but the Mummy ; and a thousand rumours, each more extravagant than the last, spread from mouth to mouth respecting it: Men stood in groups whispering to each other, and scarcely daring to stir without a companion : nay, even then, creeping from place to place, looking cautiously around, and starting at every noise, as though they feared the awful visitor was returned : whilst the sages of the country gravely shook their heads, and declared that what had taken place was evidently a visitation from Heaven, in punishment of the sins of mankind. An indefinable presentiment of evil hung over the spirits of all.

Gloom, indeed, spread through every class of society: all dreaded they knew not what—and all shrunk with horror from the thought of supernatural agency. There is indeed an invincible feeling implanted by Nature in the mind of man, which makes him shudder with disgust at any thing that invades her laws.

The body of the Queen being removed, attended by her physicians and the ladies of her household, the rest of the assembled courtiers gathered round the balloon; and exclamations of terror and surprise broke from their lips when they discovered it to be the same in which Edric and Dr. Entwerfen had so short a time before taken their departure for Egypt. The whole truth now seemed to flash upon them.

“I thought how it would be,” said Lord Maysworth; “you know I told you, Lord Gustavus, that in my opinion it was an expedition that could never possibly do any good—, but you were of a different belief.”

“My Lord,” returned Lord Gustavus, solemnly, “thinking as I think, and as I am

convinced every one who hears me must think, or at least ought to think, it is my deliberate opinion, that the expedition of my youthful friend and his learned tutor was both admirably planned and well concocted, and that if it have failed in its ulterior object, it has been solely owing to some of those unforeseen events which sometimes do occur even in the best regulated arrangements, and which it was utterly impossible for any human ability entirely to ward off or avert."

"Edric's balloon! Impossible!" cried Sir Ambrose, rushing forward to ascertain the fact, and forgetting all his anger against his son in his anxiety for his fate. "Yes! yes!" continued he, looking at some of the things, as they were drawn forth and exhibited by different persons in the crowd; "those were Edric's books—that was his desk. Oh! my son! my son! what is become of him?"

Many sympathized with the unfortunate father, and more eagerly questioned each other as to the probable meaning of what they saw. No one, however, could give any explanation;

and all was confusion and dismay. In one individual alone the arrival of the Mummy produced no emotion. The bosom of Edmund, after the first moment of excitation had passed, was racked with anguish too bitter to allow him to feel curious even to know his brother's fate. Only a few hours before, love and fortune seemed to unite in showering their choicest blessings upon his head, and now he was the most wretched of mankind; for if Claudia died, Rosabella or Elvira must be queen; and if Elvira should be chosen, all hopes of becoming her husband must be lost.

“Oh, God!” cried he, striking his forehead in agony, “why was I reserved for this? Why did I not perish fighting the battles of my country? And why was I saved only to be mocked with the hope of happiness, which, just as it seemed within my grasp, flies from me for ever? Wretch that I am! would that I had never been born, or at least had died in my nurse's arms, that I might have thus escaped the tormenting pangs which now drive me to distraction!”

Whilst Edmund thus raved, the eye of Ro-

sabella followed his every movement, and seemed to exult with a fiend-like pleasure in his agonies. "I am avenged," thought she; "he now feels what I so often have suffered. But this is not all; he must be probed to the quick ere he can know the bitter vengeance of a woman scorned."

Whilst these violent emotions were convulsing the bosoms of all around, the old duke knelt by the side of Elvira, gazing upon her with the most intense anxiety. Her gentle and feminine nature had been overpowered at seeing the blood of Claudia, and she still lay insensible, looking more exquisitely lovely than fancy can conceive. The beauty of Elvira was of the most soft and feminine description; long silken eyelashes shaded her dark hazel eyes, and gave them an expression more voluptuous than brilliant, whilst nothing could exceed the delicacy of her complexion, or the beauty of her full rosy lips. The figure of Elvira might not have served as the model of a courageous heroine, but it would have suited admirably for an Houri; and lovely as she always was, she

had perhaps never looked more so than at this moment, when the returning blood softly retinted her cheeks, and her eyes gradually unclosed. Lord Edmund gazed upon her, till, maddened by the thought that he must lose her for ever, he could no longer endure his own sensations, and, darting amongst the crowd, he endeavoured to fly from the world and from himself.

The duke, on the contrary, saw the recovery of his daughter with unalloyed transport, for though he loved Edmund, and wished to have him for a son-in-law, he was by no means insensible to the prospect of seeing his daughter a Queen, and his breast throbbed with violent emotions, to which it had long been a stranger.

In the mean time the Mummy had stalked solemnly through the city, urged more by instinct than design; the mist that still hung over him, making him seem like one wandering in a dream. Yet still he advanced; his path, like that of a destroying angel, spreading consternation as he went, and all he met flying horror-stricken from his sight: many, however, when the monster had passed, crept softly back to

gaze after him, and amongst this number was Mrs. Russel, in whose breast curiosity, that vice of low minds, reigned predominant.

The moment their balloon fell, Mrs. Russel, attended by her faithful Abelard, had hurried home, leaving Clara in the care of Father Murphy; lest, as she said, in the confusion that might ensue, the servants might be induced to leave the Duke's house, and some evil disposed personages might strip it of its contents. Urged by this prudent motive, Mrs. Russel hastened home, and finding all safe, was just about to retire to re-arrange her disordered dress, when one of the servants rushed into the room with the account of a fearful spirit having been seen in the Strand, whose mysterious appearance, coupled with the accident that had happened to the Queen, seemed to portend some dreadful calamity which was about to fall upon the country.

"What is it like?" asked Mrs. Russel; "have you seen it, Evelina?"

"Oh yes, ma'am!" cried the panting girl; "its eyes flare like fire, and it stares so wildly round it! and as it went along, it saw a dead

cat lying in the street: and it knelt down and took the creature up, and kissed it, and lamented over it in such a strange way, and in such a strange language! I never heard any thing like it in my life."

"Oh, dear! I should like to see it!" cried Mrs. Russel, flying to the door, and holding it half open to secure a retreat in case of necessity. Just as she reached the street, however, fate, as though willing to gratify her curiosity, occasioned the Mummy to turn back; and with that kind of half pleasure and half pain, with which the good people of England sometimes delight to gaze upon any thing horrible, Mrs. Russel continued to look as it rapidly approached her, till, as it reached the door, to her infinite horror it stalked towards it. Awestruck and trembling, Mrs. Russel retreated. The Mummy followed her. He stretched his hand out to her. She shrunk back aghast from his touch. "Lead on!" cried he with a voice of thunder. Mrs. Russel could bear no more, and she fled screaming to her own apartment, where her lover was awaiting her return,

impatient to delight her attentive ears with a few more of his poetical effusions.

Absorbed as Abelard was, however, he was roused by this unexpected intrusion, and the blood ran chilly through his veins, as he saw the tall majestic figure of Cheops stride across the apartment. His athletic stature, his dark swarthy complexion, and his strongly marked features, aided by the fearful lustre of his piercing eyes, gave to his figure, swathed as it yet was in the vestments of the grave, a supernatural grandeur that thrilled through every nerve of Abelard's frame, and he shrank back with horror as his fearful visitant stalked past him.

Cheops saw his terror and smiled in proud disdain as he threw himself upon a couch, placed near a window looking upon the garden, which, as we have before stated, shelved down to the river. There he lay, his eyes fixed upon the majestic Thames, whilst Abelard and Mrs. Russel gazed with trembling limbs and pallid lips at the strange intruder, without daring either to approach or disturb him.

“ Thus have I watched the Nile,” said Cheops, his awful voice sounding as from the tomb, “ whilst the gently rising waters have gradually swelled into the flood which was to pour joy and plenty over the land :—and thus, too, have I lain, gazing upon its streams, when, the purpose of all-bounteous Nature having been fulfilled, it has sunk back, slowly retiring to its natural bed. But, oh ! how different were the feelings that then throbbed in my breast, to the corroding fire which now consumes me !—Oh ! Osiris ! what horrid thoughts flash through my brain !—they come like overwhelming floods pouring from heaven to the great deep, and sweeping all before them in one mighty ruin.—Oh ! Arsinœ ! by the fell rites of Typhon, there ’s madness in the thought !”

Then springing from the couch, his eyes glared with yet fiercer brilliancy as he flashed them round, whilst Abelard and Mrs. Russel, terrified beyond the power of expression, flew towards the door, eyeing the motions of their

dangerous guest with feelings of unspeakable horror. Their terror was needless, for the storm of passions in the breast of Cheops, though tremendous, was soon allayed; and ere many moments had elapsed, he sank again upon the couch in a kind of lethargy, which, if it were not slumber, seemed at least to imply a temporary cessation from pain.

“Thank God!” whispered Abelard, as he motioned to Mrs. Russel to creep out of the apartment. She tremblingly obeyed; and the moment she thought herself in safety, she threw herself upon her knees, and thanked God with more fervour than she had ever done before in her whole life; whilst the servants, who were all assembled in the ante-room, crowded round her, trembling, with pallid cheeks, and white lips, and clustering together like bees swarming round their queen.

“Oh, madam! madam!” exclaimed Angelina, in a whisper, “what will become of us? A serous moisture transudes from every pore in my body with the chilliness of death, and my

very hair erects itself with horror upon my head."

"And my heart throbs with such violence," said Cecilia, "that the whole arterial system seems deranged."

"It is evidently an Egyptian Mummy," observed Abelard, and, as he spoke, every word he uttered was listened to as an oracle. "Its language and its dress bespeak its origin, but by what strange event it has been resuscitated—"

At this moment a sharp knock at the door made the terrified servants all spring closer together, clinging to each other in an agony of nervous horror, and not one daring to approach the door. The knocking and ringing, however, at length became so violent, as to rouse Abelard to give the clamorous intruders entrance. It was Father Morris and Sir Ambrose.

"Oh, Abelard!" cried the latter, panting for breath; "have you heard the news? The Queen is certainly dying, and every one says

the demon that appeared this morning has killed her."

"What, the Mummy?" asked Abelard.

"Have you heard of it then?" cried Sir Ambrose eagerly.

"It is now in this house," said Mrs. Russel.

"In this house!" repeated Sir Ambrose with a faint scream; whilst Father Morris, who had looked pale and exhausted when he entered the hall, became still paler, and seemed scarcely able to support himself.

"To arms!" cried Cheops from the inner room; "the Palli are upon us! Cowards that we are, the enemy are at our gates!"

Screaming, and scarcely knowing where they went, the terrified servants tumbled over each other in the hastiness of their retreat, huddling themselves together in a heap, yet keeping their eyes fixed upon the door from which they expected the spectre to appear, as though charmed by the fascination of a rattlesnake.

A loud crash now produced a fresh scream; then all was still. After a long pause, which

seemed of endless duration, Father Morris, evidently with a dreadful effort, roused himself and advanced—

“Death itself is not so horrid as this suspense,” said he, as he resolutely threw open the door of the room, which had contained the Mummy, and entered it. It was empty—but the broken frame-work of the window seemed to point out in what manner the awful visitor had made his exit.

It was with infinite difficulty that Mrs. Russel could be persuaded to return to this room; and when she did, the remainder of the day was passed by her, and every domestic of the mansion, in fear and trembling. When they spoke, it was in whispers, and when they moved, they crept along with stealthy noiseless steps, as though they feared the echo of their own footsteps; the eyes of all fixed timidly upon the broken window, through which the fearful stranger had disappeared.

Slowly and heavily the hours rolled on with Mrs. Russel and her constant Abelard, till

the time appointed for dinner arrived, when the inferior servants, as they served the meal, looked timidly around, instead of regarding the dishes they carried in their hands, and the higher ones at first scarcely dared to eat, and only spoke in whispers, fancying every moment the wild eyes of Cheops again glaring upon them, and his deep hollow voice ringing in their ears, whilst their own tones sounded strangely hoarse and unnatural. Yet as the bottle circulated their terrors dissipated, and Abelard had just begun again to breathe some of his tenderest effusions, when the crashing of branches in the garden announced the return of the spectre, and the laugh of Cheops, strange, wild, and unearthly, again rang in their ears, like the yell of a demon; the servants, terrified at the appalling sound, listened for a moment, their limbs shaking in every joint; their teeth chattering in their heads; and terror blanching their lips and cheeks to a ghastly paleness, till, as the hideous noise increased, they could bear no more, and springing from

their seats they fled shrieking from the room.

In the mean time, the sensations these extraordinary events had created amongst the people were indescribable. Strange rumours and contradictory reports were circulated, and the most incredible stories invented of all that had passed. The minds of men became bewildered; they knew not what to credit nor what to think; a gloomy presentiment hung over them; they seemed to feel some fearful change was at hand, but scarcely knew what to hope or what to fear. Business was at a stand: people indeed gathered together in the shops, but it was only to whisper secretly to each other, strange mysterious stories of the late marvellous events, which they dared not breathe in public. The extremes of ignorance and civilization tend alike to produce credulity, and the wildest and most improbable stories were as greedily swallowed by the most enlightened people in the world, as they could have been even by a horde of uncultivated barbarians.

The family of the Duke of Cornwall retired early to rest at the close of the eventful day we have been speaking of, hoping to lose in sleep the remembrance of the harassing events they had so lately witnessed. Lord Edmund had returned soon after the disappearance of the Mummy ; but he locked himself in the chamber prepared for him, and refused to see any one, his mind being too much agitated for him to endure the common forms of society. All was soon quiet throughout the mansion.

It was midnight when, a tall figure, wrapped in a large cloak, appeared slowly gliding with catlike steps through the garden. It cautiously avoided the light, and crept along the shadiest walks and thickest allies, carefully shrouding itself from observation, and endeavouring, by availing itself of the shelter of the trees, the better to conceal its movements. At the extremity of the garden was a terrace very little used ; the door, indeed, leading to it had been so long closed up, as to be nearly forgotten, and yet it was towards this unfrequented spot that

the mysterious figure directed its course. The long neglected door slowly opened, and the stream of light it admitted was obscured for a moment by a passing shade; and then all seemed dark, silent, and mysterious as before.

“It certainly went that way,” said a voice, the preciseness of which marked it as belonging to Abelard; “and it was a real, tangible, material form, as I saw its shadow intercept the light when the door was opened and it passed through.”

“It is quite impossible,” cried Mrs. Russel, who having been induced by the romantic butler to take a ramble with him by moonlight, had also witnessed this strange apparition; “you must be mistaken Mr. Abelard, for that door does not appear to have been opened this age. It is even nailed up, as you may see yourself if you examine it.”

“It is very strange,” said Abelard, after he had tried the door and found it immoveable; “I certainly saw it open.”

“It must have been an optical delusion,”

resumed Mrs. Russel; "the retina of the eye is sometimes strangely affected, and represents objects quite different to what they really are."

"I must consult Father Morris about it to-morrow, for in my opinion it was certainly the Mummy spectre."

"La! do you think so, Mr. Abelard? why then didn't you speak to it?"

"I will if it comes again," returned Abelard.

"Oh! there it is!" cried Mrs. Russel; and the worthy pair flew back to the house, screaming in concert, and without once daring to look behind them. Scarcely, however, had the last echo of their footsteps died away upon the ear, when the figure emerged from the recess in which it had lain concealed, and again crept slowly towards the door leading to the terrace.

"Hist! Marianne!" exclaimed the stranger, pausing for a reply; but all was still. "Marianne!" repeated he still louder—"Fools! dolts! idiots!" continued he, stamping violently, as he still found his call of no avail; "they have kept me so long with their cursed

folly, that she is gone. Eternal misery haunt them for their officious babbling ! By heaven ! if they had had the sense to climb the wall, I had been lost : but hark, she comes !”

The door now slowly opened, and a female figure holding a light appeared.

“ How is she ?” cried the stranger.

“ Better,” returned the female.

“ Then it is past the power of man to kill her,” resumed the first ; and rushing wildly past his companion, he buried himself in the deepest recesses of the grove.

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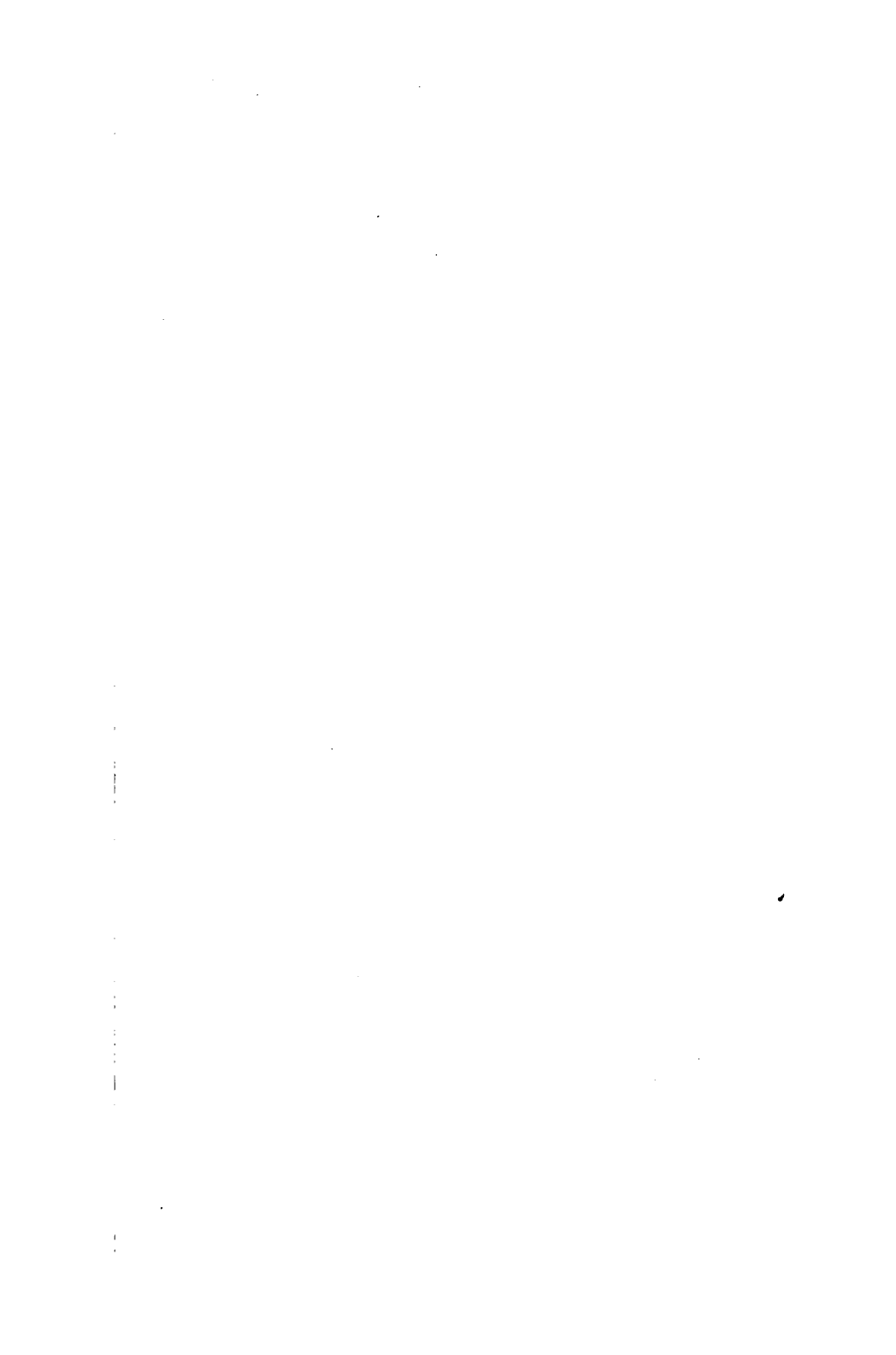
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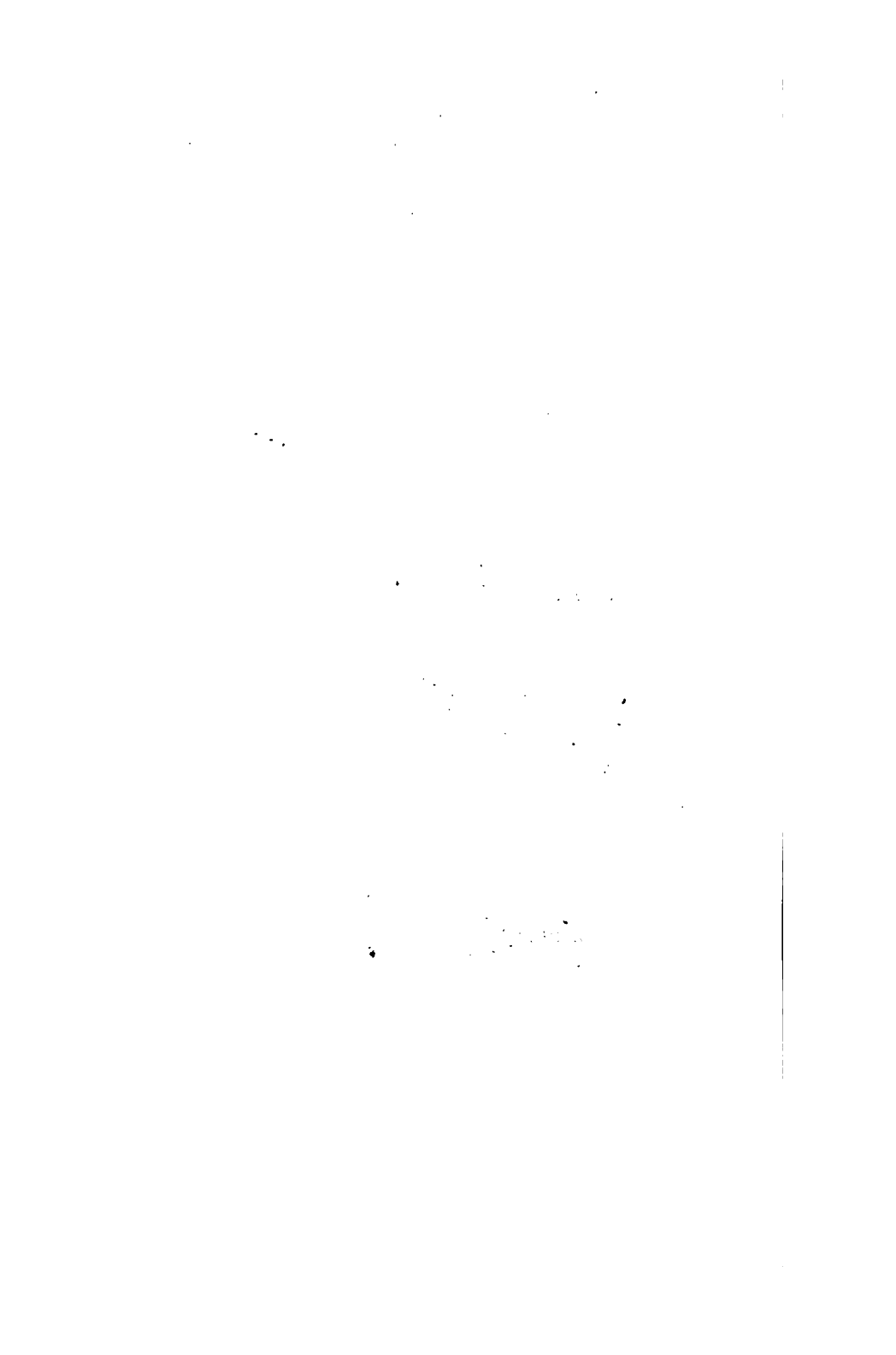
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